

APRIL, 1922

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Naples' Perennial Wonder - - Colman Ladd

Why Working Men Join Unions Rev. R. A. McGowan

Saints and Sinners - - Luis Coloma S. J.

The Open Door - George Henry Waldron

The Passionist Missionaries In Japan
Their Visit and Impressions

Unappreciated
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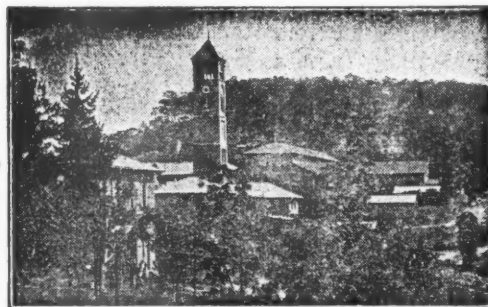
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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1922

No. 9

In this striking design Brother Anson, the distinguished Benedictine artist, forcibly symbolizes the basic thought of Eastertide,—Christ Risen,—the be all and the end all of the Christian's faith.

The circle expresses the eternal generation of the Son.

The Latin legend, "In Cruce Christus Mortuus et Sepultus Est Rurrexit Tertia Die."—Christ died on a Cross and was buried. The third day He rose again—epitomizes the Redeemer's life. The door within the circle depicts the portal of the Holy Sepulchre—tradition's irrefutable proof of the Resurrection as an historical fact.

The two candlesticks with their burning tapers denote the Old and the New Testaments which both bear witness to Jesus of Nazareth as the promised Messias.



The words Alpha and Omega are the names of the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. Figuratively they apply to Christ, "I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, saith the Lord God."

The inscription "The Alpha and Omega of Jerusalem" signifies that the Resurrection of Christ is the pivotal fact in the entire history of the Holy City; as the same transcendent event is the central doctrine of that more perfect city of which the earthly Jerusalem is but a type—the indestructible Catholic Church.

Christ Jesus, triumphant over death, is the corner stone of Christian faith.

He is all this and more.

He is "the first fruits of them that sleep," the guarantee unto the just of a glorious resurrection to be.

That the Risen Lord may vouchsafe to kindle anew the flame of faith in the hearts of our readers, and to reawaken in them an invigorating hope, that so they may attain unto the promise of life eternal, is the earnest Easter prayer of the Editors of the Sign.

Naples' Perennial Wonder

COLMAN LADD

WE remember the claim of the Neapolitans that to see their city was the consummation of earthly bliss—"See Naples and die!"

Accordingly it was with high expectations we passed the guardian isles, Ischia and Capri, and entered the famous bay on an afternoon in early May. Vesuvius loomed

on our right crowned with a fearful mass of fume and cloud. Spots of fair landscape gradually merged into the compact city and we came to anchor with scarcely a thrill. There was something meteorologically awry. An average March setting will spoil any landscape; and thus it was our luck to approach Naples with spring long overdue, with a raw wind in our faces and ragged clouds here and there trailing rain or occasionally disclosing scant patches of Italian sky. There followed a night of sound repose. In the meantime there was a shifting of scenes—a splendid vision was in the making. And when at sunrise we stepped out upon

the balcony of our lodgings, there lay Bella Napoli utterly transformed in all the freshness of a May morning, under a clear mellow sky, and her grey, pink and saffron homes and albergos spread out in a far sweeping crescent.

BUT whatever of gripping natural beauty or of historic association Naples had to show—all this could wait. It was important that we

verify the item we had changed upon in our guide-book; namely, that the *miraculo* might be seen during the eight days beginning Saturday before the first Sunday in May. Here we were within the blessed period. But was it possible that our eyes were to be favored with the sight of a miracle?

We had learned that the famous relic of St. Januarius was exposed annually on his feast day, September 19 and during the octave, and on the feast of his Patronage, December 16, and that only on this latter occasion did the liquefaction of his blood ordinarily fail to occur. Would our presence coincide with such a failure? Our first concern was how to witness this wonder at best advantage—how to circumvent the surging crowds—for surely one must be close at hand to obtain a satisfying view of the marvellous process. On the first day, therefore, we made only an exploratory pilgrimage to the great church of Santa Chiara. The liquefaction had already occurred.



SILVER BUST OF ST. JANUARIUS. WITHIN IT IS THE MARTYR'S HEAD

There was a hum of prayer and praise among the throng as the relic was passed along for veneration.

On this occasion we ascertained that a close sight of the miracle could be obtained without penetrating the throng and striving for a favorable position. The illustration of St. Januarius' chapel as here shown, is a view taken from a side portal in the main basilica. For a favorable view of the miracle one does not enter here, but directly from

THE † SIGN

the street at the right of the main entrance through a small door leading to a sacristy. Neither ticket nor favor is required. And this for the greatest spectacle of its kind in the modern world!

ONE should, of course, previously inform oneself of the origin of this wonder. The Roman breviary provides this information concisely. St. Januarius, bishop of Beneventum, during the persecution of Diocletian and Maximinian, early in the fourth century was summoned before Timothy, Governor of Campania, charged with professing the Christian faith. His trial took place at Nola, where, having constantly persevered through various forms of torture, he was cast into a fiery furnace, but without harm even to his very garments. The Governor enraged thereat, commanded that he be racked even to the dislocation of his limbs. Thence with his deacon and

remains of St. Januarius, after resting for a time at Beneventum and Monte Vergine, were finally brought to Naples and laid in the major church there, where they have been rendered glorious by many miracles. Of these, most wonderful is that, whereby his blood, ordinarily congealed in a glass vial or flask, when brought close to the martyr's head, in a marvellous manner liquefies and bubbles as if it had been but freshly shed.



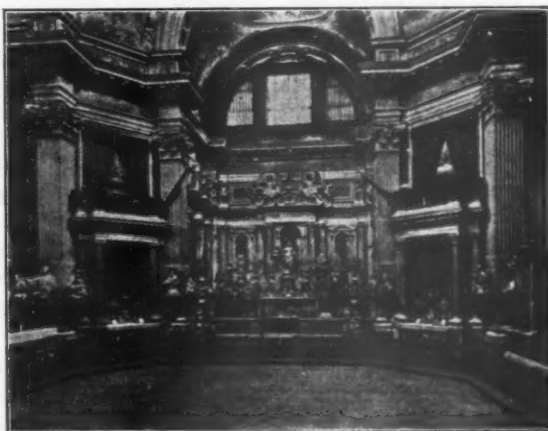
RELIQUARY CONTAINING
THE MARTYR'S BLOOD

WE returned to Santa Chiara the following morning about nine.

In the ample sacristy the clergy had just begun to display the treasures, mostly in the form of episcopal vesture and regalia. There were many jewels and a wealth of gold brilliantly set in empurpled trays. One mitre alone contains 3325 diamonds, 168 rubies and 188 emeralds. The most precious of all the treasures however is the reliquary which contains the blood of the Saint. This

reliquary may be best described, for the information of our readers, in the words of the Catholic Encyclopedia:—"In a silver reliquary, which in form and size somewhat suggests a small carriage lamp, two phials are enclosed. The lesser of these contains only traces of blood. The larger, which is a little

flagon-shaped flask four inches in height and about two and a quarter inches in diameter, is normally more than half full of a dark and solid mass, absolutely opaque when held up to the light, and showing no displacement, when the reliquary is turned upside down. Both flasks seem to be so fixed in the lantern cavity of the reliquary by means of some hard gummy substance that they are



CHAPEL OF ST. JANUARIUS

decrees, renewed the order for the beheading of the holy bishop and his companions which this time was executed. Following a divine admonition, the

hermetically sealed. Moreover, owing to the fact that the dark mass in the flask is protected by two thicknesses of glass it is presumably but little

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affected by the temperature of the surrounding air."

THE vested clergy now carry the mitre, cope and pectoral cross with the reliquary containing the blood of the martyr which has congealed after yesterday's vesper service, to the altar. The silver bust of the martyr containing his head is set on the platform before the altar at the gospel side. The bust is enrobed with the episcopal regalia. Immediately, a monsignor takes the reliquary and, facing the people, with a clerical attendant on his right and a civil official, representative of the municipality on his left, begins the invocations. Those who have followed from the sacristy are now grouped around the altar,—ourselves kneeling on the highest step, within arm's reach and with a distinct view of the blessed vial. Clergy and people alternate in the invocations. The latter are quite rhythmic being intoned by the members of a confraternity familiarly known as the Aunts of St. Januarius.

At short intervalles the vial is inverted and examined for signs of softening. At times it is brought as close to our eyes as this printed page. Onl ya dark immovable shellac-like substance appears. Sometimes the liquefaction takes place almost immediately, sometimes there is a delay of an hour. On this occasion twenty-five minutes have elapsed when the monsignor pauses in anxious scrutiny. Slowly his austere features are transformed into a gentle smile; he extends the reliquary to the lay attendant to behold; the latter nods affirmatively and announces: "Il miracolo e fatto," "the miracle has happened," and with a wave of a handkerchief signals to the organist.

WHILE the tumultuous strains of the Te Deum were intoned the reliquary was presented to us for our veneration. There was no hurry—it was held there for our liesurely admiration as though there were not hundreds awaiting—and there we beheld the limpid, ruddy contents responsive to every movement—even the inversion—of the vial.

Fervently then did we join in that solemn hymn

SUCH a perennial marvel could not have escaped the attention of a critical scientific world. Accordingly the pilgrim to the shrine of St. Januarius should know that the phenomenon has been examined under every conceivable natural aspect and still remains a mystery to the scientist. There is the general hypothesis that the vial contains some other substance sensitive to fusion. Such

fusion would, of course take place at a uniform temperature. But the authentic records show the liquefaction occurring over the wide range of six degrees centigrade. There is much variation both in the quantity of the transformed blood and in the manner of the liquefaction. At times the vial is quite filled with blood: on some occasions there is a very gradual softening or melting, again it is accompanied by violent bubbling. All this has naturally suggested the application of the two most infallible scientific tests: the scales and the spectroscope. The scales showed a corresponding variation in weight and the spectroscope indicated the presence of blood. Professor Sperindeo gives the calculations in these experiments carried out in twelve decimal figures.

Our space does not allow us to quote the favorable testimony regarding the miracle, of men of every phase of belief. Even Voltaire was so impressed by it as to take up its defense against Addison and other Protestant writers. Dumas observed: "Is this a secret preserved by the canons of the Treasury from generation to generation from the fourth century to our time? Such a tradition would be more miraculous than the miracle itself."

WE cite Professor Sperindeo's conclusions:

A. "The hypotheses advanced at different epochs and based upon diverse principles are inadmissible, because under the same conditions the blood of St. Januarius and the substances proposed show altogether different characteristics. miracle of St. Januarius are altogether peculiar.

C. The spectroscope, an instrument infallible in its delicate research, has demonstrated on evidence that the substance presented in this case, is actual blood: and that this spectrum is not to be confounded with that of the *pirocarminio* no matter how closely it may resemble it.

D. Wherefore, since congealed blood can never be liquified we are forced to admit that there is here something not natural.

Moreover we do not wish to be blind or to pose as blind. Neither do we care to give an inconclusive negation to the facts in evidence, as others, have dared to do who were urged by other motives. It is for the *scientist* to *verify* the truth, for the *ignorant* and *perverse* to *deny* it.

Therefore we repeat, and with greater emphasis, that the miracle of St. Januarius, regardless of all other evidence, must be believed on scientific grounds alone."

The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

Why Working People Join Unions

WORKING people join labor unions because, usually, that is the only way they can make a decent living for themselves and their families. Each one by himself is too weak to do much. United, they can pick a good spokesman from their number who knows what they need. They can pay him a salary so that he will not be dependent on the employers for a job. They can refuse, as a body to work for an employer who will not treat them right, thus they can sometimes force him to terms.

Most people at work in the city industry and trade do not own anything to work with. They have to depend on getting a job from others. There are usually more people hunting for jobs than there are jobs. If working people don't unite, then they battle with each other for work and down go wages and up go hours.

Finn McCool, Ludwig Lang, Peppo Peppini, and John Smith are longshoremen. All want jobs. When Finn goes alone to get a job as a longshoreman, he is so anxious to get it that he takes what wages the employer offers, if he can live on it, in the fear that he won't get any job at all. Peppo Peppini, Ludwig Lang and John Smith meet the same fate.

But they get together and tell the man who is hiring longshoremen that they will not work for less than such and such amount—enough at least to give them and their families a decent home to live in, decent food to eat, decent clothes to wear, decent schooling for their children, decent recreation, a bit for the church and lodge, and something to lay aside for the day of sickness and the day when they can no longer work. If the employer needs their work, he has to give in, and they get what they are entitled to.

There is nothing deep or secret about labor unions. Sometimes they do wrong. But no one under Heaven, who has reached the age of reason, does right all the time. When they do wrong, they are to be condemned for it. But the first point is that working people need labor unions, and have the right to establish and join labor unions.

THE Bishops of the United States sent the Catholics of this country a Pastoral Letter two years ago. Listen to what the Pastoral Letter says: The working people have "the right to form and maintain the kind of organization that is necessary, and that will be most effectual in securing their welfare."

Why should the Bishops go out of the way to talk about labor unions?

They have not gone out of the way. They were talking about matters of morality. When one man works for another, a question of morality enters at once. The man who works for another takes upon himself certain obligations. These obligations are binding in morals and religion. His conscience has something to say about it. So too, the employer has his obligations. One man is thrown into a very important relation with another. Duties of justice and charity instantly come to life.

When an employee fails in his obligations, the employer discharges him, and picks another without much trouble, from the thousands or hundreds of thousands or millions who are out of work. When an employer fails in his obligations the employee can discharge the employer and join the army of job hunters. He can also excuse the employer. But if all the employees join together, they can do something to make the employer live up to his obligations.

EXPERIENCE shows that those who own the means of work and livelihood do not as a rule live up to their obligations. No one knows for certain (since wages and cost of living are changing so much), but it is very probable, that half of the men at work for wages are not receiving even now enough to support a family in decent comfort. From four to six million are unable to get work; even in normal times well over a million are out of work.

But this is all a matter of money and why be disturbed about it? Are we to make money our God? Is it not better to be content with what we have and try to get no more?

It is indeed a matter of money. But it is more

THE † SIGN

than that. For it is a question of what money will buy. It means plenty of good food for the husband, the wife and mother, and the growing children. It means healthy children brought into the world—thriving children—children growing strong. It means more schooling for the children. It means a comfortable home. It means fewer children on the street. It means better schools and churches and parish halls.

It is not a question of so many cents an hour, so many dollars a week. It is a question of how human beings are to possess material goods enough to lead normal lives, and do well by God and their fellow-men.

LABOR unions are an antidote to the poison that lies in the motto and rule of life: "Every man for himself and let the devil take the hindmost." That is a pagan rule of life, fit for no

one but beasts. It is a rule of the fang and the claw. Labor unions are an attempt to form a brotherhood in which each will protect the other and stave off the devil of grinding want from the hindmost.

The pity is that labor unions are not able to protect all employees. The pity is that they are unsuccessful in their aim. They have not thrown off the dependency of those who do not share in ownership and control of the things to work with and live by. They have not ridden the propertyless of the fear and the bitter experience of being without work. They have not raised the wages of all who work to a standard of decent living.

But they have done something. Therefore, working people join labor unions and, therefore, they establish unions when there are none for them to join.

Good Friday In April

VAUGHN DEVLIN

"Why weepest thou, fair month? why weepest thou?
Are not the treasures of the Springtime thine?
The love notes of the birds' first songs, the buds,
And all that makes the world look young and fair?
Why do the tears course down thy cheeks and rest
Like Sacramental dew upon the flow'rs?
Hast thou some secret sorrow all thine own
That tears so oft' eclipse thy brightest smiles?"

"I weep because while still my days were young,
Love hung upon the Cross to die for sin.
Perchance my tears may help remove the guilt
That hangs, a gloomy cloud o'er all the earth.
I saw Him die on calvary's dark mount—
The mem'ry haunts me in my gayest moods.
My robes are sprinkled with His blood and Tears—
I weep because God's only Son is dead.

Saints and Sinners

LUIS COLOMA, S. J.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS:

Scene in a Catholic College outside Madrid on the day of the closing-exercises of the year. Luis, having read the valedictory poem and gathered up his prizes looks in vain for his mother's face among the crowds of parents and friends of the other students. Some sympathetic women draw away in horror when they learn that he is the son of the Countess of Alborno. A groom arrives late with a coach to take the young student to his home. Another scene in the drawing room of the Duchess of Bara showing the leaders of Madrid society in the midst of their intrigues for the return of the ex-Queen Isabel and her family who are now in exile in Paris, and the expulsion of King Amadeo, the Savoyard prince who has been occupying the Spanish throne in the interim. They have discovered that one of the old Spanish grandees has permitted her name to be suggested to the Italian Queen as first lady-in-waiting. This is the result of the intriguing of Curra the Countess of Alborno who fancies that the ex-Queen in Paris has insulted her and desires revenge, and also to obtain the position of secretary to the present monarch for her young friend John Velarde. In the face of the indignation aroused Curra attempts to deny her part in the intrigue. She has no time to give to her little son Luis and passes him on to her servants.

The Government in anger at the Countess' treachery demands that she fulfil her agreement to accept the position at court. She tricks the Minister of the Interior and destroys the letter that compromises her, whereupon the police are sent to break forcibly into her house and carry off all her papers under the charge that she has been conspiring to overthrow the Government. Her friends and partisans hurry to her house and the outrage ends in a sort of picnic party.

But among the letters carried off by the police there was a certain package from an old lover of the Countess, and as it was necessary for the police to return these papers, the scheme was hit upon of returning these letters to her husband with a note calling his attention to their very compromising contents. Curra having forgotten to destroy the letters when the evening before she had prepared for the raid upon her house now felt that some satisfaction was due to her standing, particularly as the Amadist newspapers had printed articles reflecting on her respectability and the courage of her husband. She chooses her friend John Velarde to challenge the editor of an insulting reference, assuring him that it will be a mere formality of shots in the air, and arranging a breakfast for him immediately after the meeting. John Velarde, a type of the well-educated but erring young Spaniard, is shot dead at the first fire.

Chapter 11

THE news of Velarde's death reached Madrid almost at once, and Isabel Mazacan immediately went to Curra's house, as the first bearer of the sad news. Curra changed color perceptibly, and for a moment her entire world seemed to fall about her.

"This made a terrible impression in Madrid," said the Countess of Mazacan. "Everyone is talking about his poor mother: he was her only support."

Curra saw the reproach in these remarks. Without thinking, and allowing her own remorse to change to bitter anger against everyone else, as selfish people will, she forgot both her sense of delicacy and her meekness, and turned on the Countess of Mazacan with the ferocity of a cat whose tail has been stepped on. In her impetuosity, she foolishly attempted to justify herself.

"What has this to do with me? Did I ask him to fight? The character of Don Quixote, my dear, has its weak side."

"And so has that of Dulcinea," answered the Countess of Mazacan, beginning to lose her temper.

"Naturally it has, especially when it is provoked by——"

"By what?"

"Envy, my dear, envy."

"Whose envy?"

"Yours, for example."

The Countess of Mazacan turned like another cat, as the sarcasm struck home.

"Mine?" she cried. "I envious of you! Of the Villamelon! Vil-la-mel-o-na!"

And she laughed heartily with feminine spite long treasured in her heart, while she emphasized the syllables of "Vil-la-mel-o-na," strange to say the worst insult which could have been flung at Curra.

The two fought like street vendors after that, hurling truth and calumnies at each other, with all the ferocity of two viragoes of the lower world, eager to tear each other's hair out. The Countess of Mazacan shrieked at the top of her exquisite soprano voice. Curra, erect in her chair, spat her insults like a viper, without moving a muscle, a small petrified statue of anger.

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IN the midst of the quarrel, Isabel Mazacan spoke of the letters of the captain of artillery, and her remark recalled something to Curra which seemed to frighten her. She rushed out of the room, and rang for her maid, Kate. John Velarde must have kept some of her letters, and she must secure them before anyone else laid hands on them. She could not have another catastrophe, like the one just past. Kate quickly disappeared in a cab, and an hour later handed her mistress all the letters, and among them, by error, the lottery-ticket which Velarde had bought the night before. A mockery of fate! The ticket had gained a prize of fifteen thousand dollars, which the Countess of Albarnoz collected, after having carefully laid her plans.

All of Madrid again began to file through Curra's house to offer sympathy. "She was past suffering; but she had felt terribly the loss of the unfortunate boy, who had been so deeply attached to Villamelon and herself. Of course, she had known nothing about it. The poor lad had said absolutely nothing either to Ferdinand or herself. Of course, it was one of those deeds which cause comment, and which seemed indecorous, resulting in serious embarrassment to those left behind."

And at this point Curra would lower her voice and confide to her friends: "You know, these poor people haven't a cent, apparently; the mother seems to be in abject want. I do not know her, and of course the matter is a delicate one. But Ferdinand and I have deposited fifteen thousand dollars in the Bank of Madrid, that the poor woman may have an income."

This is true. Curra had deposited the fifteen thousand dollars of lottery money won by Velarde in the Bank of Madrid, and had then written a letter to Velarde's mother consoling her on her son's death. She added in a postscript that she and her husband had learned of the mother's condition, and as they both wanted to show their affection for the memory of her son, they offered her the income and capital, the necessary papers concerning which she enclosed. Having written this, Curra shrugged her shoulders and was as unconcerned as before.

IN the meantime no one had even thought of preparing the mother for the terrible news, and she was happy with John's letter, and with her preparations for his home-coming. She was busy in his room, so that the beloved guest would find everything prepared for him on his arrival, when the visit of the parish priest was announced. She came downstairs, surprised; it was not his hour of calling. The priest had read the terrible news in the journals, and had hurried to the mother's house to prepare her by degrees for the catastrophe, before any unthinking person would blurt the news out to her.

Hardly knowing what he said, he talked about this and that, and finally, with infinite evasions and

precautions, told her that her son was seriously ill in Madrid. The unfortunate woman sprang from her chair terrified, pale, and then irritated, as if they were trying to play some horrible joke on her. "Impossible!" she cried. "I received a letter written to me only yesterday."

And she spread the letter for the priest's perusal, trembling like a leaf and with cold chills running through her body.

"You see!" she cried. "He is coming for the month of August, and will remain until the feast of Our Lady of Regla. On the third he is going to confession. He cannot die, my darling boy!"

THE three other children and the two servants had meanwhile come running in, hearing the cries of their mother and fearing evil news. The priest took the letter and saw from the date that the unfortunate boy must have written it but a few hours before he died.

"My news is later than this, unfortunately," he said. "He—er— wrote this, manifestly; he was then stricken with an apoplectic stroke. He is very ill indeed."

"My God! Blessed Virgin of Regla!" cried the mother; and grasping the priest eagerly by the arm, she asked with white lips: "And has he been to confession? Has he confessed?" The priest could not answer, and she shook him again by the arm, repeating her question.

"His soul, father, his soul above everything else!" she cried. He could but tell her that of this he knew nothing. Then she repressed her grief and gave emphatic orders that they would start for Madrid that day, that very minute. The mail coach would pass at four o'clock, and in two hours they could be at the nearest station. Henry could accompany her. Peter, at a gesture of his mother, rushed off to a cabstand to order a cab; the servants hurried off to get the trunks ready; while Louis, the baby, commenced to cry. His mother kissed his forehead: "Don't cry," she murmured.

SHE herself did not shed a tear. The priest tried to detain her.

"But you may not be able to catch the train."

"They can put on a special."

"That will cost a fortune."

"I have ten thousand reals. If that isn't sufficient we can sell something, we can beg."

"But, dear lady, wait!"

"But his soul, father, his soul!" she cried. "Do you think that death will wait? And he is there alone, without his mother to help him to die well, unshriven; and if he dies, there is no one to place him in his grave."

Little Peter came running in much excited. He had not gone to the cabstand. On the way thither Martin Romero had told him that he had received news that John was better, that he was nearly well.

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"You see?" cried the triumphant mother. She burst out laughing, choking her mirth with deep sobs. The priest denied this news, the result of a stupid sympathy, and then was forced to tell her that her son was really dead. There he stopped: he did not dare tell her how or when. She received the news staggering, and sank into a chair, shaking her head, her lips working nervously, without voice, without breath, her hands pressed to her heart, as though something had died within her, something as cold and horrible as death itself. The priest cried like a child and sought to console her, but she listened to him with glazed eyes, without understanding. Her children threw themselves into her arms; and as she touched these three heads a sob broke from her, and her sorrow at last found some relief and comfort in tears.

EVERYONE in the town respected her grief, and no one dared tell her the details of her son's death. But three days later Curra's letter came, and therein the poor woman found them. The instinct of a mother told her what laid between the lines, and red with anger, she tore the bank check to pieces, putting them in an envelope together with the letter which Curra had written, and returned them without a word of reply.

The latter was amazed at this surprising response, and again shrugged her shoulders: "She must be an odd old thing. Just imagine that, after so much delicacy!"

Curra was rather quiet for a short time after that, as she did not quite know what she could do with the fifteen thousand dollars. She was scrupulous at using this blood-money herself, and decided to use it for some charity. She decided that she would give a large ball with the money for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; but for that the season was already too far advanced, and she intended besides to start on her trip to Belgium the end of the week. She then had a happy inspiration: she would give this money to Pius IX. when she visited Rome at the commencement of the autumn. She was captivated with this idea, which both quieted her scruples and satisfied her vanity, imagining that she saw the praises of the newspapers for the munificence of her gift.

That evening about nine o'clock a friend, Maria Valdivieso, arrived in a great hurry to see Curra. Curra must accompany her to Prince Alfonso's circus! A beautiful American singer was to make her debut there. And this affair would be a great success! Curra must get ready at once.

"No, no," said Curra, "I do not feel like going to the opera."

"But you must not bury yourself alive. You haven't been outside the house for three days."

"Well, you see, I am in mourning."

"But you have worn mourning already for five days. I would not have put it on five minutes for

that Velarde! He was very foolish, child, very foolish."

"All right; to-night I'll wear half-morning. I have a new gown which will be perfect—black and white. It's lovely, and wouldn't do for anything else."

"Wear it now, then, and hurry up. It's very late. And she herself rang the bell and gave the necessary orders.

Curra dressed quickly, while Maria Valdivieso talked to her: "Did you ever hear anything from John Velarde's mother?"

"I had a letter only to-day. She must be a queer person."

Kate here interrupted the two cousins to ask Curra whether she would wear black or white gloves.

"Which do you think, Maria?"

"I think that black would look better."

"Bring a pair of each and we'll see."

"Yes, she must be a queer old soul. She refused to accept the money."

"But, my dear, what foolishness!"

"She wrote me a letter saying that she needs nothing and has a sufficiency of everything."

"All the better then; that will suit you perfectly."

"Yes, but you don't quite understand. I had already made the sacrifice for poor John, and just because his mother refuses the money, I am not going to take it back. So I'm thinking that I'll give the fifteen thousand dollars to His Holiness when I go to Rome in October, so that he will grant Velarde indulgences."

MARIA VALDIVIESO was much edified, and the two cousins left the room, Curra picking up one white and one black glove by mistake. She discovered her mistake when she was putting them on, near the theatre, and wished to return home to change them.

"Don't be foolish, dear: leave them as they are. People will think it a clever idea, and you will start a new fashion."

"Of course!" cried Curra, delighted.

And so it happened. Everyone thought this caprice perfectly charming, and the following night, at the opera, one saw everywhere dresses of two different shades, with gloves of two separate colors.

The American singer's debut was a distinct success, and the following day Madrid talked of nothing but her success and of Curra's gloves. No one thought any more of Velarde's death, of the episode of the first lady-in-waiting, or the raid of the police.

So Curra could now breathe peacefully, feeling that the serious consequences which Butron had foretold upon her appointment as lady-in-waiting, had vanished through her clever manoeuvres; her political fidelity was now firmly established, producing among other results these three trifles:

(1) A broken hearted mother.

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- (2) A soul in Hell.
- (3) The fashion of the different gloves.

* * * *

CHAPTER XII.

THE express from Marseilles to Paris was four hours late owing to the destruction of a bridge between Galician and St. Giles the evening before. The travellers did not reach the capital until half past four, hungry and in ill humor. A man of about thirty years was among the first to alight from the sleeper, and crossing the street before the crowd pressed into it, he hailed the first of the carriages which stood there in orderly line. The driver carefully surveyed the traveller, taking in his appearance from head to foot. The only luggage he carried was one of those English carry-alls, bound with a leather strap, which hold so much in a small space. The driver seemed satisfied after his examination, for he had detected under the traveller's rich fur coat, a little ribbon of yellow and white in the button hole of the coat. He had been decorated! Stepping into the cab, the traveller laconically gave an address, speaking in well pronounced French: "Grand Hotel; Boulevard des Capucines."

The carriage rolled forward, rocking from side to side; but the traveller did not seem filled with either admiration or curiosity, which enthruses those who visit Paris for the first time, second, third, fourth, or even fifth time. He leaned back on the well-worn blue cloth of the carriage, and began to examine carefully some papers in a dispatch-case, which hung across one of his shoulders. None were missing; in the right hand pocket were several letters, open, loose papers, and a small bundle of bank notes. In the left hand pocket there was a large official-looking letter, sealed in red wax with a royal crown. The envelope was addressed to:

His Royal Highness the Duke of Aosta,
King of Spain.

The traveller glanced at the letter several times with curiosity, holding it to the light as though attempting to see what was within, through the envelope. The thick linen prevented the contents being seen, and the traveller was forced to content himself with looking at the large handwriting of the address manifestly written by one accustomed to sign documents and letters rather than to write them, and sufficiently Italian to place the little dukedom of Aosta before the royal crown of Spain.

THE traveller, deep in his thoughts, took from a pocket a small leather note book and began to arrange his tangled accounts. At the top

of one page, he wrote the word "Expectations," and at the top of another "Realizations," and under the heading of what he seemed to expect, he began to add-up figures which developed into additions, multiplications and divisions, and produced a column of arithmetical chaos, ending the column of "Expectations" with the sentence: "Two-hundred-thousand dollars and a cabinet portfolio." Under the head of "Realizations," the result simply stated: "Nothing."

Then, as though some error might have played false with his arithmetical

problems, the traveller, now and again scratching his high forehead with his pencil, continued to write figures and calculations, until he ended with another horizontal line, under which appeared something much less than nothing, which might well have been all that the man really possessed: "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars at fifteen per cent!"

The traveller gazed at this unpleasant total with disgust, and finally turned his eyes from the note book to the scene which Paris presented to his view. His eyes sought in the distance the terrace of the famous Petit Club, which borders on the Place de la Concorde, and was the rendezvous of the high life of Paris. It was a magnificent day, and under the red and white striped awning of the club he could easily make out two or three members who were watching the carriages on their way to the

Unappreciated

NICHOLAS WARD, C. P.

A little weed grew at the foot of a rose,
And they both breathed the soft summer air,
But the little weed sighed as it looked at the rose,
For the rose was so tall and so fair,
At sunset the little weed tremblingly spoke
And told of its love to the rose,
But the rose did not mind for the language of weeds
Is one which a weed only knows.

Then the little weed wept and the fair rose's feet
Were washed and refresh'd for the night,
The birds of the morning sang sweet to her heart,
And she lifted her head to the light.
Statelier she grew and her green leaves spread wide
Till they shut out the sunlight and air;
Then the little weed died at the feet of the rose,
But the rose never knew she was there!

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Bois. He felt happy as he looked at the club, as though he knew that herein he might find the minus fifteen thousand dollars at fifteen per cent. He knew only too well that there was plenty of gambling within the precincts of the club.

THIS man presented a curious likeness to Lord Byron. He possessed the same striking beauty of the poet, with a similar magnificent head balanced on a vigorous neck; the same haughty attitude of disdain. His handsome eyes were dark, and his chestnut hair curled in great natural waves upon a broad forehead. His lips twisted in the corners in that bitter line of skepticism, disdain and vice, always tired, and seldom satisfied, which appear so emphatically in good portraits of Byron. His face was a perfect oval, with a slightly projecting beard. Two things alone were lacking in the resemblance: his left foot was not lame and no ray of genius shone on his countenance. If this man was, by some miracle, Byron returned to life, he had returned leaving his genius and lameness behind him, and bringing with him but the beauty of his twenty-five years and the vices of a life-time. This Byron would not have ventured to Greece to free it, but to exploit it; in his eyes was no searching for the ideal, only a reflection of sensuality and an eager desire for money.

THE carriage stopped at last before the Grand Hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines. Our modern Lord Byron gave the driver a handsome fee and ran up the hotel steps, meeting at the door a tall old gentleman with large white whiskers, who was limping out. The traveller turned away as though to avoid him. But the old man hastened after him into the hotel office, and overtaking him, cried in Spanish: "Jacob! You are trying to avoid me—that means that you have some money!"

"Diogenes!" cried Jacob with every expression of surprise and pleasure, grasping both his hands with great fervor.

"What have you been doing in Constantinople? I thought that you were bringing us back the Sultan's beard!" said Diogenes.

Jacob held his dispatch case to Diogenes's nose: "*Omnes divitiae sunt mecum!*"

"Ah, honest ambassador! Those who want to, may believe you. But you must have left some of the spoils behind at the station. From where have you come?"

"From Geneva. And what are you doing here?"

"Suffering from ill-fortune, my boy. Last night some villain won five thousand francs from me in half a second."

"Impossible! I thought that you had sworn off?"

"Not until I am buried, my boy! You must try a hand at the Petit Club: there is heavy playing

there. Last evening I saw that devil of a Ponoski win two thousand louis."

"Ponoski here? I would like to see him, only I am off again tomorrow."

"To-morrow? Where in the devil are you off to?"

"To Madrid."

"To Madrid! *Polaina!* You'll get a bullet through you!"

"What do you mean? What's up down there?"

"My little ambassador, where have you been? Haven't you heard the news? This morning King Amadeo started for Portugal, saying "Good riddance to bad rubbish," and at this moment, I have no doubt, Figuerillas and Don Emilio Castelar are bombarding Madrid preparatory to setting up a Republic. They have completely beaten you, my boy! Absolutely!"

JACOB was both astonished and horrified to hear this news, and seizing Diogenes' arm, he cried in a changed voice, as if this sudden political catastrophe meant much to him: "What do you mean? It's impossible!"

"*Polaina!* Impossible! Come over here; someone who knows can tell you. Yesterday the Italian abdicated, and to-day at six he went off to Lisbon; at this moment Madrid will be on fire. Already the hotel has received over twenty telegrams asking for rooms."

And while Diogenes was excitedly explaining all this, he drew Jacob up the steps of the hotel to the terrace. One might have thought oneself in an aristocratic drawing-room of the Spanish Court. Spanish was being spoken on all sides, and here and there in groups one noticed both men and ladies of the Spanish aristocracy, and politicians of the Isabella II. school.

Everyone was talking about the news from Spain; some already saw Prince Alfonso seated on the throne deserted by Aosta, others prophesied a Republic under the sway of the masses; others saw Carlist soldiers at the gates of Madrid, in the empty palace, and seizing the vacant throne.

Everyone was anxiously waiting for the mail, and for the return of Uncle Frasquito, who had gone out in search of authentic news. In the reading-room which opened on the terrace, several ladies were seated, among them being Curra Alborno and the Duchess of Bara. In the middle of a group of men, Leopoldina Pastor was talking with great vehemence, demanding that the men at once arm themselves, and explaining her martial and strategic plans. The men were frankly amused as they listened to Leopoldina while she hung on the buttons of their coats. Ah, if she were but a man! And she declaimed yet more vehemently.

The arrival of Jacob did not make a favorable impression on anyone. He was either the friend or relative of nearly everyone present, on the side of his own family as well as that of his wife, who

possessed a title high among the nobility. He had left her two years previously, and led a luxurious, bachelor's life in Paris and in Italy, until, pursued by creditors, he had again returned to Spain in 1868, there taking a prominent part in the Revolution. He had played the part of a Lafayette for a short time, and then disappeared, only to turn up later as the Amadist ambassador in Constantinople.

NATURALLY everyone was surprised to find him in Paris at this particular time, leaving his diplomatic post behind him, and they received him with the suspicious scorn which the defeated enemy always finds when he flees after the battle is over to the victorious army.

Jacob pretended not to notice the coldness with which he was received, and did not allow the uneasiness which the verification of Diogenes' news brought to him, to be observed by anyone. He was entirely without news, or pretended that he was. He had left Constantinople two months ago for Turin, going on to Florence and Geneva, and after a pleasant journey around the Italian Riviera, he had dropped at Nice and at Monaco.

Curra had been stealthily watching the handsome traveller from her seat. She had not recognized him at first, for it was difficult to see in this full blown man the young Jacob Tellez Ponce, who had married twelve years before the Marchioness of Sabadell, a distant cousin of Curra's.

She would not have recognized him at all, if Leopoldina Pastor had not approached and said: "Do you see Jacob Tellez? They are saying that in Constantinople he married a lovely Turkish lady. I am wondering if he has brought the good-for-nothing with him."

The Duchess of Bara made some derogatory remark, at which the ladies laughed, and Curra said: "Is that Jacob? Who would have thought it? I thought that it was Byron himself, my favorite poet! It's a perfect likeness!" She rose quickly to go over to him. But the Duchess of Bara caught her by the skirt. Curra pulled herself away, saying: "My dear, he's my own cousin. I can't slight a relative!"

Meanwhile Jacob had approached the group, and saluted the ladies, kissing the hands of the Duchess of Bara and Curra. The latter with many affectionate flatteries, made room for him at her side. They talked awhile of Jacob's journey, until the arrival of Uncle Frasquito interrupted them. Everybody started to run over to him, including Jacob, but Curra held him a moment by the arm and said to him: "Shall we see you again, Jacob? I want to present you to Ferdinand. Our rooms are on the second floor, number 120."

The Duchess leaned over to Leopoldina and whispered: "Did you hear? She wishes to present him to Ferdinand."

Leopoldina made a face, and replied: "I suppose we should be both blind and deaf."

And the two laughed merrily.....

DYED, covered with cosmetics, dancing on the tips of his toes, unable to walk otherwise owing to his tight shoes, Uncle Frasquito stumbled up the terrace in a great hurry. He was the uncle of all the nobility of Spain, of wealthy men from all cradles, of all political and literary celebrities, daring adventurers, who formed the "all Madrid" of the Court, the mixed *dessus de panier* of the social world of Madrid. All these people called him Uncle Frasquito and he gladly accepted the title and the relationship of those whose blood had really mingled with his own several centuries ago.

In the midst of his universal family, Uncle Frasquito had played a conspicuous part for half a century, seeing pass before him generation after generation of nephews and nices, legitimate or false, who had been born, married, had children, died, and been forgotten, without his ever passing his thirty-third year, shielded as he was in a very tight corset which confined the factious rebellions of his abdomen. The story was often told that Uncle Frasquito wore on his person no less than thirty-two false articles, among which were a cork hip. He was a wealthy bachelor, lived quietly, and had neither debts nor, any publicly known, vices. He was pleasant, courtly, obsequious, with the manners of a modest young lady, and inflections of voice like an affected sire. He collected diplomatic seals, made embroidered tapestry, and played a flute very badly.

Diogenes pursued him and persecuted him through drawing-rooms and salons, calling him Francesca di Rimini, and sometimes Senora Frasquito, and gave him affectionate squeezes when he took refuge among the ladies, as was his custom, squeezes which rumbled his shirt-front; or else impetuous embraces which made the unfortunate gentleman hurry to wash and rub himself violently with cold cream. Diogenes would step on his victim's toes, spoiling the polish on his boots, or dislocate his fingers with violent handclaps. These two old men, one so different from the other, were really but two types of the same society, two fossils of a past century, and examples of those unsubstantial or effeminate fops who had ruined Spain and discredited the nobility.

UNCLE Frasquito walked to the terrace, and corroborated to those who thronged round besieging him with questions, the news that Don Amadeo had gone to Lisbon with his family and that the Republic had been founded.

"The Spanish Republic!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat in mock reverence. And amid scornful jeers and ironic laughter he read out of a notebook the names of the first Republican cabinet.

The telegrams also announced that Don Carlos

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had entered Spain, and that his followers, taking advantage of the confusion, intended to make a final bid for the throne. This disgusted everyone, as the Carlists were feared far more than the Republic; and a perfect tornado of discussion ensued on this news.

The electric bell which announced the arrival of new travelers rang at this moment; presently a man rushed in to announce excitedly that Lopez Moreno's wife had arrived, having come through from Madrid, and that she had been nearly killed.

"One of her ears is torn off!" he cried.

Horrors depicted on their countenances, the company rushed out to meet the banker's earless wife. The Duchess of Bara, with those unpleasant mortgages in her mind, attempted to steal out of the reading-room, but so unsuccessful was her manoeuvre that she ran into the lady, her daughter Lucy, two maids, a man servant, seventeen trunks, and numerous valises and bags in the court-yard. The banker's wife was pale and frightened, and the lobe of one of her ears was actually bleeding.

The Duchess saw she was caught, and accordingly greeted the banker's wife affectionately: "Ramona, my dear! Why didn't you let me know?"

"Know!" cried the excited lady. "I am grateful to have escaped alive! What a journey, Duchess! I was nearly killed! I revived only yesterday: it was a miracle, a real miracle!"

"Terrible!" cried the Duchess, glancing around cautiously with the hope that Providence had not spared M. Lopez Moreno as well. "Where is your husband? Isn't he here?"

"He is still in Spain, that is, if he is alive!"

And surrounded by the Spaniards, the talkative lady narrated the tale of her misfortunes. Spain was rapidly going to the devil. People were escaping from Madrid in crowds, and it seemed that the last trump had sounded in the Court.

"Delightful!" murmured Diogenes. "I have always been waiting for the last trump. Think of what will be revealed when the angel says: 'Every dollar to its real owner, and every child to its father!'"

The Duchess silenced him with a tap of her fan, and Lopez Moreno's wife, satisfied at last to find herself the center of so much attention, continued her story. Her descriptions were graphic, and as she was the bearer of the latest genuine news from Spain, General Pastor, the valiant Leopoldina's father, who occupied a high position in Alfonsist circles in Paris, suggested that she should be brought to the Queen, that Her Majesty might hear this budget of news in person. The banker's wife was overcome with pleasure at this suggestion, and the Duchess, who repaid her debt in attention since she could not do so in money, hastened to exclaim: "A splendid idea! I will accompany her. I will request an audience with the Queen to-morrow."

Senora Moreno was overcome again by this proposal; the dream of her life, to be presented at Court, was at last within realization; and she forgot even her torn ear in the excitement. The General on his side was merely following Butron's famous policy of sweeping everyone within the Alfonsist circle, and was already calculating the benefit which would accrue to the sacred cause through a potential control over Moreno's money bags. During this scene, Curra had been watching Jacob, who was listening to everything which was said, and who seemed in no particular hurry to go to his room to prepare for dinner. However when the party broke up, Curra missed him in the reading-room, nor could she find him in the courtyard, nor on the terrace. He had disappeared completely.

(To be continued)

In Our Stead

DURING the dark months of the "Reign of Terror," Carlyle tells us in his "French Revolution," an old gentleman walked up to the gate of the city prison one morning early in hope of getting a brief interview with his son, son, then lying under sentence of death, or what amounted to the same thing, awaiting his trial before the revolutionary tribunal. His name was Loiserolles. As he stood there in the chill morning air, among the crowd of prisoners' relatives, the dreaded cart so well known in Paris then, that conveyed its daily load to the guillotine, arrived at the prison door. A list of names was produced, and the crowd closed in on the officer as he read the fatal roll-call. "Loiserolles!" was one of the names shouted along the corridor; and "Here, I am Loiserolles!" was answered suddenly from the crowd. The voice was not that of the young prisoner asleep at that moment in his cell: it was

older, feebler, and a trifle more eager than a prisoner's might be supposed to be: but there was no time and no care to make investigation. The father was taken for the son. He was seized, bound, hurried off and executed. He died for his boy who was asleep. Not till long afterwards did the younger Loiserolles know at what a sacrifice his life had been purchased.

Commenting on this heroic incident, Balgarnie would say that the day of our trial and judgment was past: the morning of our execution had arrived: we as prisoners of sin and Satan were summoned to receive the death penalty: the sons of men were called. "But I am the Son of Man" was the answer given to the challenge. If, therefore, ye seek Me, let these go their way. Let them sleep now and take their rest . . . then let them awake and know what I have done for them."

A Form of Catholic Activity

CHARLES A. McMAHON

Editor, N. C. W. C. Bulletin

ON September 24, 1919, ninety-one archbishops and bishops of the American Hierarchy met at the Catholic University of America and formed the National Catholic Welfare Council. The meeting appointed a committee of seven of its members to perfect the machinery of the council, to establish its several departments and to co-ordinate their work in certain important fields of Catholic endeavor. At two subsequent annual meetings of the Hierarchy, in 1920 and 1921, the bishops of the country approved the Council's work and provided funds for the continuation of its departmental programs.

In two and one half years during which the Welfare Council has been operating, the organization has crystallized into permanent form. It has established five great departments, each under the direction of an episcopal chairman and it has accomplished splendid results in the name of the Catholic body of America. Through its Press Bureau, through the columns of its monthly magazine, the N.

C. W. C. BULLETIN, and through the lectures and talks of numerous speakers, the meaning and message of the Welfare Council have been brought to a considerable number of persons and to many different communities throughout the country. And yet very little is known by the average Catholic concerning the aims and purposes of the organization, as to why the bishops of the country deemed it necessary, what it has accomplished up to this time, and what it is planning for the future.

What is this organization of the National Catholic Welfare Council to which Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, Professor of History at Columbia University, points as the "most significant and fruitful creation of the war?"

The question is answered by David I. Walsh, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, in these words: "The Welfare Council is the agency in America by which the Catholic laity can be doers rather than hearers of the word. . . . in which bishops, priests, press and Catholic laity, all united, can plan together, work together, fight together to make this a better, more Christian, God-fearing and God-loving America."

WHAT is there in the scheme of the N. C. W. C. to command the interest and service of a man like Admiral William S. Benson, knighted by

the late Pope Benedict XV. with the order of St. Gregory the Great and pronounced by former Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, as one of the five men who did the most to win the world war? In Admiral Benson's own words "The plan of the N. C. W. C. is so splendid, the purpose so compelling, that when the necessity for orderly and sincere organization is understood, there is not a parish or

mission but will rally to the cry of 'God and Country,' service to both, genuine and untiring, every month and every month of every year." And to show that his faith in the organization was moving him to something more than mere lip service, Admiral Benson, one of the busiest men in the whole country, has served successively as parish president, district president, diocesan president and now national president of the National Council of Catholic Men.

Before proceeding further with this necessarily brief sketch, it might be well to inquire the reasons which impelled the bishops themselves in 1919 to launch the organization of the Welfare Council. In their own words as contained in the pastoral letter

Vexilla Regis Prodeunt

FROM THE DIVINE OFFICE

The banners of the King go forth,
The resplendent Sign 's revealed to men;
—The Cross on which Life suffered death,
And by death brought back life again.

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of the archbishops and bishops of the United States, issued early in 1920 to the clergy and laity of their charge, the reasons are stated as follows:—

"In view of the results obtained through the merging of our activities for the time and purpose of war, we determined to maintain, for the ends of peace, the spirit of the union and the coordination of our forces. We have accordingly grouped together, under the National Catholic Welfare Council, the various agencies by which the cause of religion is furthered. Each of these, continuing its own special work in its chosen field, will now derive additional support through general co-operation. And all will be brought into closer contact with the Hierarchy, which bears the burden alike of authority and of responsibility for the interests of the Catholic Church.

"Under the direction of the Council, and, immediately, of the Administrative Committee, several departments have been established, as follows: The

Department of Education; Department of Press and Publicity; Department of Laws and Legislation; Department of Social Action; and Department of Lay Organizations.

"The task assigned to each is so laborious and yet so promising of results, that we may surely

expect, with the Divine assistance and the loyal support of our clergy and people, to promote more effectually the glory of God, the interests of His Church, and the welfare of our country."

It can be seen, therefore, that the Welfare Council was an outgrowth of the war inasmuch as

it is the successor of the emergency organization — the National Catholic War Council — created by the American Hierarchy at the time of America's entrance into the world war and through which the archbishops and bishops of the Church in America directed and inspired the mighty services of twenty million united and patriotic Catholics during the greatest crisis in American history. Previous to the establishment of the War Council, the Catholic people of the country had no national organization, no representative society, through which Catholic opinion could be made known in an authoritative manner and by which unified Catholic action could be



THE LATE CARDINAL GIBBONS
First President of the Welfare Council

effectively directed in emergencies in which the entire Catholic body of America was immediately concerned or which affected the interests of the whole American people. No attempt had ever been made to solidify nationally the mighty forces of American Catholicism, the result being that although

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possessed of unity of faith, the Catholics of America lacked unity of action and were not making the imprint upon our national life in the various fields of social activity which their collective strength warranted them in doing.

The war brought to the Catholics of America a heavy responsibility and a splendid opportunity. When Cardinal Gibbons offered to the President, as the first pledge to be made by any religious group in the United States, the patriotic services and loyal support of the entire Catholic body, stating that "Our people will rise as one man to serve the nation," he knew that the Catholics of America would fulfil this pledge without reservation and without exception; but he also knew that in order to make the fulfilment certain, a national organization was needed — an organization which was official, which was representative of the ecclesiastical authority of the Church, and capable of acting intelligently and effectively in the rendition of the services required of it in the country's crisis.

Williams' history of the War Council, "American Catholics in the War," published during the past year and reviewed in the February issue of *The Sign*. The reading of this story of Catholic patriotism, sacrifice and service has been urged upon all our Catholic people by the highest authorities in the Church and no Catholic who is anxious to get the inspiration of the splendid beginnings of the Welfare Council can afford not to read this excellent book

The magnificent record of Catholics during the war and reconstruction period, and the helpful service which they rendered both to the country and to the Church in the great variety of activities handled by the emergency war organization, impressed upon the members of the Hierarchy the necessity of continuing in peace times many of the useful activities of the war period. Reminded by His Holiness, the late Pope Benedict XV. that the Universal Church was now looking to America to be the leader in all things Catholic, and realizing that without unity of action and thorough organization



† *Edward Hanna*

Archbishop of San Francisco
Chairman Administrative Committee

A GENERAL convention of the Catholics of the country was held in Washington on August 11 and 12, 1917, to establish such an organization and the National Catholic War Council was the result. Its objects were to promote the spiritual and material welfare of the United States troops at home and abroad and to study, co-ordinate, unify and put into operation all Catholic activities incidental to the war. How well these objects were attained, both during the war and in the reconstruction period which followed, is told in Michael

effective leadership was impossible, the Hierarchy, at their annual meeting in Washington in September 1919, determined to perpetuate the work of the War Council in a permanent organization to be known as the National Catholic Welfare Council.

AS a result of the meeting in September, 1919, the bishops, a short time later, issued a remarkable pastoral letter which set forth the attitude of the Church and the Hierarchy toward the many problems of reconstruction which were

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engaging not only the attention of the Catholic people of the United States but the thought of America and the entire world. This pastoral (a copy of which should be in the possession of every adult Catholic) received the most widespread publicity and the most favorable comment from the American press. In it the bishops stated that "the tasks of peace demanded that our people should arise above all minor considerations and unite their endeavors for the good of the country." In it was a call for the Catholic body of the country to unite their forces, to join themselves together under the direction of their bishops and with the ideals of Holy Mother Church before them to work *nationally* in one splendid body to uphold American traditions, to promote American ideals and to work under the banner of "GOD AND COUNTRY" for the restoration of the kingdom of Christ throughout America and the world.

Thus was the permanent organization of the Welfare Council launched, to unite, co-ordinate and express nationally the splendid forces of American Catholicism. In order that the work of the Welfare Council might be organized, co-ordinated and administrated in the most effective manner, the Hierarchy appointed an administrative committee of seven of its members to manage the affairs of the Welfare Council. The most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, was appointed chairman of the administrative committee and the following episcopal chairman of the various departments were elected to assist him: His Emience D. Cardinal

Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Department of Laws and Legislation; Most Rev. Austin Dowling, Archbishop of St. Paul, Chairman of the Department of Education; Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford, Chairman of the Department of Social Action; Rt. Rev. Wm. T. Russell, Bishop of Charleston, Chairman of the Department of Press and Publicity; and Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, Chairman of the Department of Lay Organizations. Later, when Cardinal Dougherty resigned from the committee, Rt. Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, Bishop of Albany, the seventh member of the committee, was elected Chairman of the Department of Laws and Legislation, and Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, Bishop of Portland, was elected to membership on the committee.



Austin Dowling

Archbishop of St. Paul
Chairman Dept. of Education



Edmund F. Gibbons

Bishop of Albany
Chairman Dept. Laws and Legislation

LIMITATION of space permits mention of only a few of the comments of the bishops of the country as contained in formal pronouncements approving of the council as a whole and of the work of the various departments. The quotations given, express the mind of a great majority of the Hierarchy in explaining the N. C. W. C. Archbishop Hanna said recently, "Our plan is the uniting of all our forces that we may work nationally; that we may put our ideals into our national life, which we have not done sufficiently in the past." Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland, episcopal chairman of the Lay Organizations Department, com-

posing the National Councils of Catholic Men and Catholic Women, not long ago stated: "We want our

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Catholic manhood and our Catholic womanhood to organize along the lines laid down by the National Catholic Welfare Council. We want a strong, vigorous, pulsating Catholic conscience that will energize their endeavor, vitalize their activity in our national life." Archbishop Hayes, in addressing a mass meeting in New York held under the auspices of the National Council of Catholic Women, said: "I am very glad to get behind this national organization in a national way and anything I can do to place it upon a solid basis and to bring about better work not only locally but also throughout the country, I shall try to do." Bishop Gibbons of Albany, in voicing his approval of the N. C. W. C. movement, remarked: "The importance to the Church and to society of the movement can hardly be overestimated. The Welfare Council has urged us, both clergy and laity to be more Catholic in our outlook, our plans and our activities. It has shown the way to the union necessary to handle our problems effectively." In urging the organization of the National Council of Catholic Men in the Milwaukee Archdiocese, Archbishop Messmer called upon all to take an active part in the organization, stating: "If the Catholic church in the United States does not occupy today the prominent and influential position it might and ought to have, it is because her great and irresistible powers for reform and up-lift and welfare in all the phases of public life have not been brought into full play."

Many other archbishops and bishops have spoken along similar lines.

EMPHASIZING a point dwelt upon by Archbishop Messmer in his pastoral, referred to in the foregoing, Professor Hayes of Columbia University, in addressing the eleven hundred delegates and members of the National Council of Catholic Women assembled in Washington last September, pointed out that while possessed of unity of faith, Catholics were sadly lacking in unity of organization and action and therefore were not making the impress upon the national life of America that their numbers warranted them in making. On this point Professor Hayes remarked:

"In spite of the Church's amazing growth, American Catholics have had no such influence upon the thought and life of the whole nation as their numbers would lead us to expect. Now for the first time real opportunity presents itself to the Catholic Church in the United States. The way is at last prepared for Catholicism to supply spiritual and intellectual leaders to the American nation. We are no longer immigrants. We are Americans, and as such, we take second place to none in allegiance to our country and in prayer and work for her prosperity and well-doing."

SO much for the opinions of ecclesiastical and lay leaders relative to the plan of the Welfare Council. The question will now be asked "What has the N. C. W. C. done to merit such enthusiastic approval? Notwithstanding the fact that a considerable period of time has been taken up out-

lining the necessary activities and programs of the various departments of the N. C. W. C., in selecting a



† Joseph Schurr

Bishop of Cleveland
Chairman Dept. Lay Organizations



† Stephen J. Russell

Bishop of Charleston
Chairman Dept. Press and Publicity

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capable personnel, and in co-ordinating the activities of the several departments into an harmonious and effective whole, the reviewer of the Council's work, especially during the past year, finds a remarkable total of accomplishments.

It should be kept in mind that the Executive Department has the responsibility for the supervision of the work of the Welfare Council as a whole and the ultimate responsibility as to its development, as well as its general policy and action. Reverend John J. Burke, C. S. P., Editor of the *Catholic World Magazine*, as General Secretary of the Welfare Council, acts as the personal representative of Archbishop Hanna, Chairman of the Council's Administrative Committee, at the National Headquarters, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., and is directly in charge of the Executive Department of the Council. Father Burke's large and successful experience as Chairman of the Committee on Special War Activities of the National Catholic War Council, has eminently fitted him for this responsible task.

THE Executive Department keeps in personal touch with the officials of the Government. It is a medium of communication, of information, and of action between these officials and departments of the government on all matters that affect Catholic interests and Catholic rights. It is a medium of information to legislators, national or state, and to others who wish to inform themselves as to the Catholic attitude on matters of Catholic interest. For instance, the Executive Department made known to President Harding the Catholic position on education; it presented to him information on Catholic affairs in the Philippines. To the President personally was presented the pronouncements on disarmament issued by the Administrative Committee of Bishops. The Executive Department dealt directly with the Secretary of the Navy in regard to Catholic missionary work in Haiti and obtained the approbation of that official

for Catholic work on that island. It also negotiated with the Treasury Department and with the Attorney General and obtained satisfactory regulations governing the distribution of sacramental wine. Catholic interests were also protected through the activity of the Executive Department in the tariff and immigration legislation enacted by the last Congress.

The department secured from the State Department passports for members of religious communities and others who desired to travel in countries with which at the time we were technically at war.

The privilege of consecration of the graves of Catholic dead of the World War buried in foreign lands was received from the Secretary of War. The department secured Catholic representation on the government committee supervising the burial of the American dead in Arlington Cemetery. A number of important conferences were held by the department with the Secretary of War on conditions in the Canal Zone, where the Council maintains a large welfare house that aids materially the Catholics of the Zone and the Republic of Panama.

THE care of the Catholic immigrant has been the special charge of the Executive Department. Before the present immigration law went into effect, 60 per cent of

those entering the country through Ellis Island were Catholics. Realizing that immigration work to be efficient must be national, the Executive Department secured official recognition of the N. C. W. C. by the United States Government as a national agency in immigration work with the right to have its own workers in every port of entry. The executive Department created at its national headquarters a central immigration bureau in charge of an experienced director and has already opened up branch offices in the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

The governmental recognition of the N. C. W. C. as a national immigration organization will not



*R. J. Muldoon

Bishop of Rockford
Chairman Dept. of Social Action

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only enable us to keep statistics of Catholic immigrants, to assist and protect them, but it will also promote, and has in a measure already done so, closer international relations between Catholics, secure a kindlier treatment of them in foreign ports, and lead the foreign born here to realize more deeply their indebtedness to the Catholic Church. This national immigrant work brings the service of Catholic men and women in touch with high officials and gives the former a vantage-point for wider public influence and activity.

AT the request of the late Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, the Executive Department has lent the aid of its Immigration Bureau to the Italian emigrant work. This latter field has recently been reorganized and a Bishop, the Right Reverend Monsignor Michele Cerrati, has been delegated to direct and care for it.

The Executive Department has also extended its immigration work to the care of the Philippine students, thousands of whom come to this country for their higher education. In many cases, they have been led into neglect of their faith through being cared for by Protestant organizations. It would take too long to rehearse here even a summary of the matter. The N. C. W. C. has established offices with trained workers, speaking Spanish, at San Francisco and Seattle; and is in touch with the ecclesiastical authorities in the Philippines, and there is good prospect that we will thus preserve the faith of many.

The Executive Department has, through its Bureau of Motion Pictures, done nation-wide effective work in preventing increase in the output of indecent pictures. The N. C. W. C. has presented a constructive program of motion picture improvement which has elicited commendation from all sources. It is admitted on all sides that the Welfare Council has done more than any other organization of similar character in arousing the consciousness

of the public to the indecency of the films and in getting producers to agree to a housecleaning standard which would eliminate filth from the screen. The Council's Motion Picture Department is planning more constructive and effective work in this direction during the coming year.

Successful opposition has been exerted during the past year to agitation for repeal of the law forbidding the transmission through the mails of literature on birth control. The N. C. W. C. aided successfully in bringing about the defeat of the Smith-Towner Bill and the move to reduce the quota of Catholic chaplains in the Army and Navy. The Council supported the Shepard-Towner Bill and aided in its passage through the last Congress.



Louis O. Walsh
Bishop of Portland
Member Administrative Committee

HISTORICAL records of the Catholic body during the late war are being gathered and kept by the Executive Department. The fatality records gathered to date by this department show that 16 per cent of the loss among Americans, wherever stationed, during the period of the war, was by members of the Catholic faith. The historical materials housed in permanent files fill over 12,000 cubic feet of file area. A force of 14 trained workers is engaged in the work of this most important department,

whose findings will have a most important bearing upon the future histories dealing with the Church of American Catholicism.

Since the establishment of the Welfare Council and the consequent expression of unified Catholic opinion much legislation harmful to the Catholic cause has already been prevented. Present promoters of legislation are not confining themselves as formerly to economic and industrial questions; they are pressing legislation of a paternalistic nature in matters of education, morals and family life that directly and fundamentally affects the spiritual and religious life of the people as well. Only through constant vigilance can continued success be obtained.

Current Fact and Comment

HOMES, FORSOOTH!

A LARGE insurance company offers to finance the building of 45,000 four-room apartments for working class tenants. Whoever apportioned such a living space to a working man's family either has no conception of what a home is, or is deliberately co-operating with the birth-

rollers. Others than the deserving working man will quickly seize upon these snug quarters. The measure gains favor daily. It is not too late to urge that it be readjusted to the accommodation of families of the class needing relief, but under practical, humane and decent conditions.

EVERY DAY A FESTIVAL

THE liturgical name of our week day is *feria*. *Feria* is Latin for festival. It was Pope Sylvester in the fourth century who, retaining the term *Sabbatum* for Saturday and *Dominica* for Sunday, ordained that our Monday should be termed *feria secunda* and thus the other week days in order. The Pontiff's purpose was to remind the clergy that, casting aside all care of worldly affairs, they should be free to devote themselves to the service of God alone.

The laity also should be inspired by the spirit and motive of this regulation. No one should be so deeply engrossed in necessary business or family affairs or legitimate pleasures as to allow the entire

day to pass without recalling that God supports him the whole day long and without, at intervals, addressing to God some brief affectionate prayer. De Maumigny supplies this comparison: "A son, really worthy of the name, is not satisfied with seeing his father at meals taken with the rest of the family, and the short time passed together afterwards, but profits, moreover, of the hundred opportunities offered during the day of showing his love and respect for his father. The soul which limits itself to holding converse with God during morning prayer, and omits to speak to Him during the day, will never attain to familiarity with God."

AMERICAN PROSELYTIZERS IN EUROPE

ONE of the last acts of the lately lamented Holy Father was a very direct condemnation of the proselytizing activities of the Y. M. C. A. That this condemnation was justifiable is evidenced in the reports of correspondents from countries where the Y. M. C. A. and other sectarians are taking advantage of the distress consequent upon the war. Cardinal Piffl warns that this propaganda is spread through every district of Vienna and that it includes not only the barter of souls for victuals and clothing but also the undermining of faith through insidious interpretation of the Scriptures.

He exclaims: "Who would have the hardihood to believe that God's mercy would permit humanity to remain for eighteen years in error until a man from America or England turned up to bring the truth?" The prospective emigrant is singled out, taken in hand and cajoled before he departs and provided with introductions to charming agents who meet him at the port of landing and at his final destination. Steps have been taken to institute a definitely organized campaign to counteract the loss to the Faith threatening through this latter system.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

IN the midst of our own difficulties inseparable from the high cost of living, the scarcity of employment and general industrial dissatisfaction, an appeal comes to us from Austria which is simply heart-rending. The Board of Health of Vienna states that 96 per cent of the Austrian children are undernourished, tubercular or in immedi-

ate danger of this dread disease. A physician writes: "We operate in a room scarcely heated; to provide heat for the sick-wards is out of the question. The food which we give our patients is only half-cooked and altogether insufficient. . . . When will God have pity on us and deliver us from all these woes."

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These Austrian children are our brethren in the flesh; they are also our brethren in religion. Non-Catholics are showing a splendid interest in the welfare of these poor of Christ. We Catholics should not be outdone by the outsider in this great time of a nation's pitiful distress. Remember Christ's appeal: 'As long as ye did it to the least

of my brethren ye did it unto me."

The small sum of two dollars will keep a human being from starvation for two months. Give the two dollars if you can. No offering is too small. Send all donations for the starving children of Austria to Rev. John Egger, 165 East 88 St., New York City.

FEDERATION OF COLLEGE CATHOLIC CLUBS

FORTY thousand Catholic students attend the non-Catholic institutions of learning in this country: twice as many as attend Catholic institutions of the same grade. These startling figures reveal what a proportion of our youth are being educated in a positively irreligious atmosphere. Long ago measures to counteract the evil influences resulted in the formation of Catholic clubs in connection with nearly one hundred non-Catholic colleges and universities. It was recognized that these would derive added efficiency through a united national organization. Hence the Federation of Catholic Clubs was established in 1915. It aims not only to federate but also to encourage organization. Its success is indicated in a contemporaneous state-

ment showing that in the East it now embraces forty clubs, is about to federate twelve more, and is organizing fifteen others. Last year it began to organize and federate the middle and far West. The Federation has secured Catholic faculty members and priests to teach the truths of the Catechism, of the Bible, of sacred history, of Catholic philosophy and sociology. With the sanction of the hierarchy and under the direction of its zealous and disinterested officers the federation is supplying a vital need for many who would otherwise enter the arena of life without a due appreciation of the truths of their faith and a corresponding concern regarding virtue and morality.

THE BALKY DIRIGIBLES

FULTIMATELY will navigation of the air be made safe? Experiments with two enormous dirigibles, embodying the latest features of stability in structure and security of control, resulted in their very sudden destruction and the loss of eighty lives, mostly officers. Any one might be acquitted of superstition if, standing by such a ruin, he fancied the Almighty resenting man leaving their proper terrestrial plane, especially if one harked back to a somewhat similar catastrophe at Babel, concerning which the Bible makes the rather naive statement: "The Lord came down to see what the

children of men were doing." The Washington Conference did not disarm the nations of their aerial fighting forces. It would be hazardous, therefore, for this country not to keep pace with other nations in their development of this department with all its frightful offensive potentialities. With only the defense of the country in mind, it is gratifying to learn that others are ready to take the places of the lamented victims, and with the simple comment on the disaster: "It is merely a part of the day's work," are applying themselves to the mastery of this arm of the service.

APPLIED COMMUNISM

COMMUNISM rejects the supernatural motive in its ethical system. When we consider the natural motives substituted, we ask how the wildest dreamer could hope for stability from them. For example, in order to carry out the dole or distributive principle of Communism, natural honesty would be absolutely indispensable. How is this working out in Russia where the system has been on trail? From *Le Figaro* we learn that the Bolsheviks not only favored matrimony but decided to

encourage it with material premiums from the public stores. Now when a woman discovers that her shoes no longer keep out the snow she asks some man friend to help her get a pair from the government. A perfunctory marriage ceremony is performed, the shoes are obtained, and then the couple go their separate ways. A shrewd physician, a bachelor with a hearty appetite and small income, induced the president of the House Committee where he resided to give him a certificate saying he

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was married. As a result he procured a double ration. Soon his imaginary wife fell ill and this entitled him to a milk card. Later a baby came to bless this fictitious union, and on the strength of this there was a dole of additional delicacies. Unfortunately he became reckless about his dates and

announced the arrival of three children within six months. An investigation was started, whereupon an epidemic broke out in his family, which, inside of two days, carried off his wife, two daughters and little boy. It was a dreadful massacre on paper but it served to let the physician off undetected.

THE K. OF C. PLAN FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF GOOD FRIDAY

THE plan that has proven successful in San Francisco, has been to invite all the Catholic Societies, including parish organizations, sodalities, etc., to delegate some of their members to act as general committee. This committee should select as its head, a prominent Catholic layman. Each organization contributes a small sum to pay for postage, printing or circulars, display cards, etc. Small circulars are distributed throughout all the Churches of the city, and communications are mailed to employers of labor, professional men and women, theatrical and amusement people and various civic organizations, requesting that only urgent business

be transacted during the hours mentioned and that those in their employ who wish to do so, may be allowed the privilege of absenting themselves from their work during these hours. The public at large is requested to co-operate by attending the Church services, and postpone all business or pleasure until after 3 P. M. on this day.

Cards are printed, which are distributed among the stores, and placed in the windows, stating that the store will close between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock. This, of course, is optional with the proprietors of such establishments.

GOOD FRIDAY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

ENCOURAGED by the wonderful success attained by the Reverent Observance of Good Friday in San Francisco, the Knights of Columbus have undertaken to spread the movement throughout the country.

A frank appeal is made to every sort of Christian that he devote at least the Three Hours to prayer and meditation upon the Passion and Death of Christ.

It is easy to visualize gratifying and far-reaching effects attending this heaven-inspired movement, in particular the reestablishment of the claims of the Redeemer upon the affections of multitudes.

There has been too much of the mere toleration of Jesus Christ.

On this occasion many, yielding to the reasonable plea, will have their first experience in overtly professing themselves on the side of Christ, and their first delightful realization of the propriety of it.

And to many others, who have professed the Saviour only in their formal credos, will come the woeful conviction, that He had not been a reality to them at all, that the idea of Him had become diluted almost to a non-entity.

How many have given him wine, and myrrh willing to cast a spell upon Him that He might not

see their guilt!

We want to halt this drifting away from the Ages of Faith when the Cross of Christ was emblazoned on banners, carved on the coins, exalted on the highways and worn by noble and peasant as their most precious ornament.

This call to honor the Savior will bring the startling REALIZATION to many that:—

If Herod feared Him as a Babe in His Mother's arms, we should fear Him seated at the right hand of His Father.

When he stood meek and forsaken before Pilate, the creature was judging the Creator.

Those were blessed who went down from Calvary proclaiming: "Truly this was the Son of God!"

To be culpable it is not required that you oppose Him; mere neutrality condemns you: "He who is not with Me is against Me."

Not as a being from the distant past, vaguely defined by the scant evidences of geology, does the Church present Him to us, but as the undying Christ of the closely linked tradition of these brief twenty centuries!

"Take Good Friday with you through the year,
And sweeten it with all the other days."

The Sign of the Cross

II—Its Form and Its History

HUBERT CUNNINGHAM, C. P.

HERE is a great variety of words used in making the sign of the cross and so it is practiced in many different ways. The most familiar of these is that which we make upon ourselves from the forehead to the breast and from shoulder to shoulder; the second is made in the air and the third is made smaller and with the thumb. The first mentioned is used by Christians as called for by the laws of the Church on many and different occasions and is so well known that nothing of explanation need be said. There is a remarkable difference between our practice and that of Catholics of the Greek rite. We trace the lines from the forehead to the breast then from the left to the right shoulder; the Greeks reverse the second motion and make it from the right to the left shoulder. The sign is made in the air only, with an exception to be mentioned later on, to impart a blessing on man or thing or to direct confusion on the wicked spirits. The thumb cross, so called because it is made with the thumb, is a little and unobtrusive practice but it occurs very frequently. The priest makes it over his heart during the divine office, it is made on the lips at the prayer "Oh, Lord, open Thou my lips and my tongue shall declare Thy praise." The thumb cross is made for all anointings of the child in baptism, of the sick in Extreme Unction, on the forehead in Confirmation; the bishop the priest, the sacred vessels and altars and churches are all consecrated by the thumb cross.

These uses of the thumb cross are familiar but there are three others, varieties of that same thumb cross, which are not so obvious but full of the spirit of Christian love. In the first the thumb cross is made upon some object and then kissed; for example, the laity, after the gospel of the Mass, marked a cross on the book they held in their hands, on the kneeling bench before them, on the wall nearby or on the floor and then kissed that sign. This practice is still followed by our older Irish people to whom we of the United States are indebted for so many ancient religious practices. The only instance of this that is still retained in the rubrics is the practice of kissing, after the gospel the cross which the priest makes on the missal before he

begins the gospel. A second very touching example of the thumb cross is that of simply placing the thumb across the index finger and then kissing the cross so formed. This is a very ancient practice and it is pleasing to know that it lives to-day among the Catholics of Spain and throughout the Spanish-American colonies in all its primitive freshness. In conjunction with our own familiar sign of the cross and the thumb crosses just mentioned and adding besides to our common form of words a set of words peculiar to the Spaniards it makes the most elaborate of all the known practices of this devotion. Here is a description of it:—With the thumb over the index finger a cross is made on the forehead, one over the lips and another over the heart, and immediately the sign is made as we are accustomed to make it—from the forehead to the breast and from shoulder to shoulder. Beautiful words are joined with these actions thus:—"By the sign of the holy cross (Forehead) from all our enemies (Lips) deliver us, Oh, Lord, (Heart) in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." (Forehead, Breast and Shoulders). All through these devout actions the thumb and index finger are kept crossed and at the "Amen" the thumb is kissed—for there is the cross!

IN the beginning of this article it was said that the sign of the cross is made in the air only as a blessing but to this rule there is one very notable exception and that is a thumb cross made in the air to which is bent a devout knee. All have seen this practice though all may not have understood and interpreted it aright. It has most likely been observed in those from foreign shores as they took the holy water at the church door. These people not merely sprinkle themselves but they make some sign in the air and courtesy the while. What is the sign? Why the courtesy? It is the sign of the cross thumb-traced in the air and to that symbol they reverently bend the knee. An ingenious devisement of faith and holy love, indeed!

The law of necessity is the mother of this practice, and that thought must be expressed if we are to get any true idea of the origin of this very

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touching devotion. It is found among the simple-minded, the rustic, the poor and the remote. It is common in Italy, in Newfoundland and among the poor of the West of Ireland and others who were similarly situated and restrained. They have not the means to supply themselves with the Holy Crucifix nor the conveniences to indulge their tender love for Jesus Crucified. No, but they know from the instincts of their faith and from age-worn example how to supply that want, so there above them in God's free air they trace the symbol of the Suffering God, their upturned eyes are bright with faith and love and warm devotion and they can see that aerial emblem as only the simple and the clean of heart can ever see the supernatural, and spontaneously their humble knees bend in adoration, sweet and fervent, before that vision of their Crucified Saviour. It is an artless product of devotion, powerful and pent up, the child of a necessity which must find expression, but which cannot speak better.

IT is comforting to see the crowds of American Catholics who make the Stations of the Cross each day in our churches but it is better still to see the remote rustic in the bogs of Ireland, on the mountain sides of the Abruzzi or in the ice-clogged outports of the arctic stream or tossing on its waters bend the knee of his worship to the cross-lines which he had traced perforce on the air. To see the dense masses crowding to the adoration of the Good Friday Cross is an inspiring sight and we thank God that they are enjoying the happy freedom and have the conveniences to do these things. But they have the freedom and they have the cross to kiss. It is a spectacle more inspiring still to look down into the Mamertine prison—that hole there in Rome dug out of the solid rock and void of the light of day—and see the chained martyrs there raise their manacled hands and kiss their own-made thumb cross. All good Catholics have been moved while reading the lives of the Fathers of the Desert and visiting those caves and sand dunes of the Thebaid to see those holy anchorites withering away in hungry adoration before two crossed sticks. But these had at least the dried sticks. It is more wonderful still to see St. Ignatius Martyr bound with his "ten leopards" or the Apostle St. Paul chained below decks, rise in their shackles and bend the knee of their reverence to the thumb cross they have traced on the fetid air.

THE history of the sign of the cross takes us far back into christian years. This is very well known of the sign which we make up ourselves, it is well known of the benediction which the bishop makes upon others. Not so much seems to be known by the laity in general, of the little thumb cross about which this article is, in the main, concerned. It might reasonably be asked why this is chosen among all the other forms of making the sign of salvation? There are many reasons which make it specially interesting but it is chosen here simply because it is the first, the most ancient of all of them. This little act of piety is the root from which all others of its kind have sprung. It goes back to the days of the early christians, back to the apostles—to Christ Himself.

It is quite remarkable that such a thing as this could be reliably traced so very far back through the years, and yet it is true and its evidences are plentiful. It was only later, in the days of early monasticism, that this little sign grew up, as it were, and passed into the gesture of benediction. It is not till later still, and many years, that there appears any evidence of the sign of the cross made in a large way as we make it over the person to-day—not till the days of St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Beyond that there is no trace of it and beyond the second century we lose all the evidences of the benediction cross, but the little thumb cross is always to be seen.

ANCIENT records of the Fathers of the Desert tell us "our fathers practiced the sign of the cross most frequently and religiously. They made it principally on rising and retiring, before their work and before their meals, on going out and returning." Scholars glancing at that language would begin to suspect that the writer was copying the words of one who lived long before the Fathers of the Desert, for Tertullian, the great defender of the cross and one of the earliest of christian writers says, speaking of the manners and customs of his co-religionists, "in all our comings and goings, in bathing and dressing, before sitting down and before retiring or in whatever occupation we may be engaged we mark our foreheads with the sign of the cross." This is very impressive testimony especially when we remember that it comes all the way down from the second century. But it is not the only evidence we can cull from this writer. He says on another occasion that this practice of making

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The Open Door

By GEORGE HENRY WALDRON

ST. JOSEPH'S stood on a corner where the winds from two streets had a habit of meeting early every morning to play tag. Nobody minded that except the people who had to wait there for cars to take them out into the suburbs to work. And they found a way out of the difficulty. The way led through the doors of St. Joseph's, which the sexton left unlocked as he went in each morning to stir up the fires and ring the six o'clock Angelus.

It was nice and warm in the back part of the church, especially near the radiator, where Jacob Wells, treasurer of the non-sectarian and quite non-Catholic Religious Alliance had staked his claim. Most of the others seemed to be Catholics. At least they knelt in pews. Wells saw no reason for kneeling. Not that he was disrespectful. But why kneel when the big church was all still and nothing going on?

Accustomed to having his radiator all to himself in the darkened church—darkened save for the little red lamp suspended near the high altar, the meaning of which, he intended some day to inquire—Jacob met with a big surprise one Monday morning when he found the church lighted and comfortably filled. Two men were standing near the place that belonged to him.

Outside, the first real blizzard of the winter was getting under way. It was the kind of a morning on which folks, who do not have to rise, stay in bed. The congregation present was composed, with few exceptions, of women.

JACOB recalled the story of the mistake a sexton of this church had once made in the ringing of the bell. The Angelus, it seemed, had long served as an alarm clock for many residing within hearing distance. One night the good man made an error. It was only a difference of an hour in the setting of his own alarm. But it was sufficient to bring little groups of people out to crossings and curbs all the way along the street a full sixty minutes before the first car hove in sight the next morning.

That day the sexton lost his standing as a citizen. For a long, long time people paid no more

attention to his ringing of the bell than the scoffer does, to the prediction of the weather bureau.

With that mistake in mind, Jacob looked at his watch. It was correct as to time. His first impulse was to leave the church. Looking towards the sanctuary he saw that a priest was about to speak from the pulpit and he felt that the remarks were not for him. His second thought was, "It will do no harm to remain. Why go out?" Jacob followed his second thought. Doing so, he heard an able expounding of a Catholic doctrine that he had long misunderstood.

IT was in the car on the way to work that Wells learned about the starting of the mission at St. Joseph's the day before. He was told that he just happened in, on the short instruction that followed the mass each morning. He made mental note of the statement that men were welcome to attend the masses during the women's week. All that week he heard the morning instructions by the Missionaries. Always did like good speaking, he told his wife, in informing her of the fact.

When it became known at the plant where he was employed that "Old Jake" was "making the women's mission," there followed a merry time at his expense. As one of the men said "Old Jake's" characteristic was backbone, opposition usually had the effect of making him more firm. So the jibes had about the same relative effect as the proverbial water on the back of a duck.

FROM only one source was the joking in any degree annoying. When young Charley Burlingame, the assistant bookkeeper, and a member of St. Joseph's Church, attempted to poke fun at Wells the latter resented it. He did not put the resentment into words but he felt it none the less. His sense of the proprieties made it seem quite out of place for a Catholic to join in such badinage. So he bided his time for an opportunity at retaliation.

It came the next Monday. Having occasion to go into the office, he approached Burlingame.

"Are you making, or are you going to make, the mission?"

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The question was only the twenty-first that had been put to Charley on the subject. There had been exactly four from each of the five members of his family. So of course he felt pleased over the solicitude expressed by the pillar of the Religious Alliance. His answer indicated his frame of mind.

CERTAIN old fashioned notions about some of the rising generation did not help Wells to take the more kindly to this rebuff from one who already had a none too envied place in his good graces. And with more certitude he catalogued Burlingame among "the upstarts."

The select body composing the upstarts included those who cared more, for spending money than for earning it, and, more for dress than was wise. They did not watch the clock nearly as closely when it was time to crawl into bed at night as they did when it was nearing the hour for the blowing of the whistle that meant the quitting of work for that day.

Wells returned to the attack the next day by asking Burlingame a question about the Church's teaching on a subject that had been discussed at the mission that morning.

As Charley, pausing between the adding of two columns of figures, did not have the answer in just the form that had been used by Father Lee, Jacob found his answer an additional reason why Burlingame ought to get over being a sleepyhead, for at least one week, and get up and go to church.

THE colloquy between Wells and Burlingame began to be a subject of interest to the office force generally. It was to accomodate one of them, and equally to please himself, that Jacob manufactured a reason for passing through the office an hour later and remarking to the assistant bookkeeper as he did so, about having seen some other young fellows of about his age, and neighborhood, at St. Joseph's that morning.

"For the love of Pete, forget it, will you?" urged Charley.

"Maybe if you went to bed at night you might be able to get up in the morning."

The closing door prevented Jacob from being injured by the look that Burlingame shot at him, and from his receiving the half dollar that the office manager, Miller felt like handing him for saying what he did.

JACOB liked real oratory, he repeated at home and to himself, as the reason for his attending the evening service that night. Then he listened to his good angel as well as to the Missionary and when he went home set his alarm clock early enough for him to be at mass next morning.

"It seems to me that, after soaking up the heat all season, when they have services I ought to do more than just go in after mass is over and stand around to hear the priest talk," he said.

Attendance at the mission had taken on a seriousness that prevented it from being made a subject of further humor with Jacob Wells. He said no more to Burlingame.

But his silence was more of a rebuke that day than any discourse he could have delivered. Charley broached the subject to Jacob during the afternoon and was surprised to find that he was attending both the mass and the evening services. To have a non-Catholic making the mission—as thoroughly as one could make it—while he lay in bed o' mornings was too much.

EVEN the hardest armor will give way under sufficient pressure. Jake Wells was the pressure under which Burlingame's indifference yielded.

"To tell you the truth, Jake, you make me ashamed of myself. Wish I had started at the beginning."

Jacob Wells, generous of heart, formed on the instant a new estimate of Burlingame. And forgave him all.

"Start now. I dare you to get up in the morning."

Charley took the dare. When the fellows in the office heard that he was making the mission, after all that had been said, he had to stand a new kind of attack.

BURLINGAME was the first one in the office, morning after he started attending mass.

"You know why Charley's here before the janitor, mornings, don't you? He's making the women's mission at St. Joseph's Church."

Only a week later in his calculations, Ferdinand Wilson said, but with poor effect, trying some of the repartee that he had heard exchanged between Burlingame and Wells when the latter first started hearing the instructions.

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"Rave on, you scatter-brain," came from Charley.

Just in time to hear young Wilson's remark, Wells entered the office with some reports of the previous day's work out in the plant.

"He and Jake are making it—the women's mission," continued Wilson.

"They're starting one for children this afternoon," said Wells. "You'd better go down, Wilson."

"Good for you, Jake," commended Burlingame, under his breath, "I didn't know you had it in you."

"No," suggested Miller, the office manager, who had no particular liking for "Ferdy" Wilson, and furthermore was pleased with anything that would get Burlingame in on time in the morning. "Wait till they start the infants' class, Wilson might get in on that, provided there's no brain test."

WILSON quieted down, but not some of the others, for a period.

Which was the best thing that could have happened. What we have to pay for, we appreciate. Wells and Burlingame were both a little more sensitive than they would have admitted. So the joking had in it some of the element of persecution. It had its due reward. Burlingame stated frankly that on the days he had forced his lazy self to get up betimes he had felt the best he had in months. And that he was a better man in every way. Certainly his disposition improved, which was but natural, for he was a better Catholic.

And about Jacob Wells? After the mission he still went into St. Joseph's each morning, as of old. But he went in on Sundays, too. And as he waited for the first car out every morning you would find him, not standing in front of the radiator, in the back part of the church, but kneeling with bowed head near the altar.

It was where he made his daily act of gratitude for the greatest of all great gifts—the Faith.

The Sign of the Cross—Continued from page 25

the little thumb cross is so general and so constant that "*frontem crucis signaculo terimus*." Powerful language! The practice of making that little sign of the cross is so common among us christians that "we rub off, wear away the skin from our foreheads" in its making.

In their time these first christians had seen and heard the apostles and their immediate successors; from the hands of these they had received baptism; from their lips they had received the faith and its sublime lessons and from their conduct they had learned their pious practices. This knowledge and these holy practices they made the rule of their lives and preserved them, faithfully and unmixed. "They were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles and permitted nothing to be introduced except what had been from the apostles handed down. How severely true is this we see from Tertullian. In the authority just now quoted there is a very striking circumstance in point. It is this—though the thumb cross is so general that it pervades the whole life and the whole church of those earliest christians and though Tertullian is writing before the year 200 A D, he formally argues the antiquity of the practice even then. He dis-

tinctly admits that it is not a matter of grave obligation but merely a work of personal piety to make the sign of the cross, what is more that it is not demanded by the Holy Scriptures but "it is inherited from christian tradition and confirmed in the church by ancient usage." On the testimony of this great scholar and fighter for the faith in and before the year 200 A D the holy practice of making the little sign of the cross reaches so far back as to be called ancient, beyond the memory of living man and the ken of the most erudite christian scholars! It is a venerable and ancient practice, indeed!

With evidence so clear and of such a character before us we can afford to ignore the temerity of any man who should place a limit of time to the beautiful little act or attempt to question the presence of the use of the shy thumb cross by St. Ignatius Martyr and St. Paul the apostle. Rather we are disposed to accept, as of the best authority and undoubted, the statement, that the great Apostle of the Cross used that sign to give sight to a blind man, that St. John made it upon himself before dying, and the teaching of Monsignor Gaume, that Christ taught it to the apostles and blessed them with it before His ascension into heaven.

God's Wonder Book

MARIE ELLERKER, O. S. D.

VII

ONE of our first experiences as a child, and one which continues through our life, is a realization of the unpleasantness of things which last a long time. The Church understands this. We often speak of her as "our Holy Mother the Church," and we are all, even the oldest of us, just her children. It is told of the great Saint Teresa, that when she lay dying, someone thought to console her by speaking of her wonderful visions and of the great things she had been allowed to do for God. The Saint made no answer, she seemed not to pay the slightest heed, but after a time she remarked very quietly: "What I thank God most for is that I die a child of Holy Church."

Now one way in which the Church's understanding of her children is shown is in the arrangement of her services. In Holy Mass there is great variety; we are not kept too long at the same thing. Already we have had psalm and hymn, prayer and reading. The reading, however, is not finished with the Lesson, or Epistle, of which we have been speaking in our last article: there is more to follow. So at this point there is a change, and we recite, or sing, the Gradual.

This part of the Mass you will find after the Epistle in the Mass for the day, and not in the Ordinary. It usually consists of verses from a Psalm. In early times a whole Psalm was sung, but now we have only a short portion.

The Gradual gets its name from the Latin word *gradus*, "a step," because it was sung from the step of the pulpit from which the Epistle was read. It is followed by the Alleluia verse, or, on some occasions, by the Tract. These, like the Gradual, are generally taken from the Psalms, though not always, as you will see if you look at your Mass for the Dead.

ON five occasions there is a poem called a Sequence coming here. The occasions are Easter, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, Our Lady's Sorrows, and the Requiem Mass. Some of these you know quite well: the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (Come, Holy Ghost) for Pentecost; the *Stabat Mater* (At the Cross her station keeping) for Our

Lady's Sorrows, which you are accustomed to sing at the Stations of the Cross.

If you have a procession on Corpus Christi, you probably know the *Lauda Sion*, the hymn written for the Mass of that day by the Dominican St. Thomas Aquinas, in honour of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. In it he has managed to tell us nearly all the very important things which we believe about Him there.

The other two Sequences are less well known. They are the *Victimae Paschali* (To the Paschal Victim) sung at Easter, and the *Dies irae* (O Day of wrath), a poem about the day of judgement, which forms part of the Mass for the Dead.

I AM going to give you a translation of the Sequence which you will find in your Mass for Whit Sunday. If you will read it slowly and try to understand it, I think you will find it is a beautiful prayer to say when you are preparing for Confession, or at any time you want to ask God's special help and guidance.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

Come, O Spirit, Lord of grace,
From Thy heavenly dwelling-place,
Bring forth light our gloom to chase.

Come, the friend of all brought low,
Fountain whence all graces flow,
On the heart Thy love bestow.

Thine to wipe the bitter tear;
Thine the lonely heart to cheer;
Fainting spirits find Thee near.

In our labor Thou art rest;
Tears by Thee are solaced best;
Raging heat by Thee refreshed.

Come, O light most clear and blest,
Come and fill each longing breast;
Be Thy people's constant Guest.

If Thy Deity be hence,
Nothing brings man honor thence,
Nothing is without offence.

Come, to cleanse the guilty stain,
In the hardened heart to reign,
Wounds of sin to heal again.

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To Thy Will the stubborn mould;
Warm and melt the bosom cold;
Bring the erring to the Fold.

Unto us who seek Thy Face,
And in Thee reliance place,
Give Thy seven-fold gifts of grace.

Pardon grant if we offend;
Grant us space till we amend,
Joy above that knows no end.

NEXT comes the Gospel, the last Lesson, and the Church teaches us in what deep reverence she holds God's Holy Word by the very elaborate ceremonies with which she surrounds the reading of the Gospel; but you only see these at High Mass.

A young artist, a Protestant, spoke to me once about the Bible, and seemed surprised to find me sympathetic; she said she had always heard that Catholics treated it with a sort of contempt. My answer was to invite her to High Mass on the following Sunday, and what she saw satisfied her, as I knew it would. I would like you to pray next time you are at Mass for those outside the Church who have a great deal of love for the Holy Bible. Ask our Divine Lord to give them the grace to find out from it which is the true religion. In the Catholic Church even the book of Gospels is shown deep reverence. Before the days of printing the most beautiful vellum was always chosen by the monks on which to write it. This was sometimes stained a delicate color, and the words written in gold and silver letters. It was often bound in covers of some precious metal, and richly decorated with costly jewels.

A French magazine, written by the Benedictine Fathers, had in it some years ago a most interesting account of the gorgeous ceremonies, which show us what our Catholic forefathers thought of the Bible.

On great feasts it was left all day upon the altar.

It was often carried in procession, and when a Bishop visited any cathedral or monastery, the book of the Gospels was brought to the door for him to kiss.

At General Councils it has been placed on a special throne, as representing better than picture or statue Jesus Christ Himself.

If for some lawful purpose you are called upon to take an oath, you will be given a Bible to kiss,

and a convert making his Profession of Faith at his reception into the Church does it with his hand upon the book of the Gospels. St. Dominic always carried a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew about with him on his long and fatiguing journeys.

I think all this will help you to understand with what reverence and devotion you should hear the Gospel at Holy Mass.

YOU will find it in your Missal in the part proper for the day and not in the Ordinary.

At High Mass you can see all the beautiful ceremonies carried out.

It is the privilege of the deacon to read it. At his Ordination the Bishop hands him the book of the Gospels, and commissions him to sing the Gospel in the Church of God.

At one time it was the prerogative of the Emperor, vested in rochet and stole, to read the Gospel on Christmas night. If any of you go to a Benedictine Abbey church, you will see it is the Abbot who sings the Gospel from his stall at Matins, vested in his stole and assisted by two acolytes.

The Missal is now removed to the north side of the altar, which we call the Gospel side.

The deacon at High Mass takes the book of Gospels from the little table at the side called the credence table, lays it on the altar, and kneeling on the steps, says this prayer, which at Low Mass is said by the priest bending down in the middle of the altar, as he passes to the Gospel side: "Cleanse my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, who didst cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaias with a burning coal; and deign through Thy gracious mercy to purify me that I may worthily announce Thy holy Gospel. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Then, taking up the sacred book, he kneels before the priest and asks his blessing. The priest repeats almost the same words as the deacon has himself said, blesses him, and lays his hand on the book for the deacon to kiss.

Then a procession is formed to the place from which the Gospel is to be read, consisting of the acolytes with their lighted candles, the thurifer, the subdeacon, and, lastly, the deacon carrying the book.

All the people rise. In ancient times kings and princes took off their crowns; knights drew and brandished their swords.

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THE deacon opens the book and sings: "The Lord be with you."

After the reply he announces what he is about to read:

"The beginning (or the continuation) of the Gospel according to N." At the same time, with his thumb, he makes the sign of the Cross on the book, then on his forehead, lips, and heart. The people also sign themselves, and it may interest you to know that this is the oldest form of the Sign of the Cross.

The answer to the announcement of the Gospel is: "Glory be to Thee, O Lord."

Then the deacon incenses the book three times, and intones the passage of the Gospel appointed for the day. At the end is said: "Praise be to Thee, O Christ." At Low Mass it is the server who makes these answers.

The subdeacon then takes the book to the priest, who kisses it, saying: "May our sins be blotted out by the words of the Gospel."

At one time, the book was offered to everyone to kiss. While the choir sang the Creed, the subdeacon, accompanied by the thurifer, presented it to each person in turn.

The following is the Gospel appointed to be read on the Feast of St. Joseph of Calasanz:

"At that time the disciples came to Jesus saying: Who thinkest Thou is the greater in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus, calling unto Him a little child set him in the midst of them and said:

"Amen, I say to you, unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven. And he that shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me." (St. Matt. XVIII.)

VIII

NOW turn back to your Ordinary of the Mass to find the Nicene Creed.

There are several Creeds in use in the Catholic Church. The first you learned when you were quite small, and I am sure that you say it every day in your morning or night prayers, or perhaps both. I mean the Apostles' Creed. One pretty legend says that the twelve articles were the work of the twelve Apostles, one Apostle being responsible for each article. Though this is not

certain, the Creed is very ancient and dates from Apostolic times.

The Creed we say at Mass is a development of the Apostles' Creed. It gets its name of Nicene from the town of Nicæa, where in the year 325 a General Council of the Church was held. Some persons had been teaching wrongly on several points, notably concerning the divinity of our Blessed Lord. At this Council they were condemned and the exact teaching of the Church stated more plainly. Some of the decisions were embodied in the Creed which is now said at Mass on Sundays, and some other feasts.

A creed, called the Athanasian Creed, is said by priests in that part of the Divine Office, called Prime, on certain appointed Sundays.

There is still another creed of which you should know—that of Pope Pius IV, compiled after the great Council of Trent which condemned the teachings of the Reformers. This Creed is repeated as a Profession of Faith by converts upon their reception into the Church.

The word Creed comes from *Credo* (I believe), the first Latin word with which it begins. A number of prayers have received their names in this way. I am sure you can find examples of this; for instance, the *Magnificat* and the *Memorare* will at once come to your mind.

IN the early days of the Church, those persons who were still under instruction and had not yet received the Sacrament of Baptism were called catechumens. They were not allowed to be present during the most solemn parts of the Mass, but only to the end of the Creed. Hence the first part from the beginning to the Creed was called the Mass of the catechumens. At this point they, in company with those Catholics who were doing public penance for their sins, had to leave the church. In our own times the Church is more indulgent, and all, however unworthy, are allowed to remain during the whole of the great Sacrifice, and to join their worship to that which Jesus is offering to the Godhead in their name and in their place.

We always kneel at the words: "Et homo factus est" (And was made man).

This is a little act of adoration offered to God the Son made man for us and for our salvation.

After these words have been sung at a High Mass the deacon goes to the credence table and

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gets the burse. He takes out the corporal and spreads it over the altar stone.

You should always join the Creed. It is the Church's own Act of Faith, as the *Confiteor* is her official Act of Contrition. By saying it fervently you strengthen this great virtue in your own soul.

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages. God of God; Light of Light; very God of very God; begotten not made; being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, AND WAS MADE MAN. [*Kneel in reverence for Christ's Incarnation.*] He was crucified also for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was buried. The third day He arose again according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father: and He shall come again with glory to judge both the living and the dead: of whose kingdom there shall be no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Life-giver, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who together with the Father and the Son is adored and glorified: who spoke by the prophets. And One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I confess one baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

IX

WITH the Creed the preparatory part of the Holy Mass ends, and we come to the Offertory.

The priest turns to the people with the wish you know so well:

"*Dominus vobiscum*" (The Lord be with you).

"*Et cum spiritu tuo*" (And with thy spirit).

Then he says: "*Oremus*" (Let us pray).

But no prayer follows. In the early days, when the catechumens had left the Church, the people here were asked to pray for a number of different intentions. You will understand what I mean if you will study the Good Friday Mass. You have in it a collection of prayers for the Church, the Pope, Bishops, etc. You will find them after the Gospel because no Creed is sung on Good Friday. Probably at every Mass there used to

be a similar collection of prayers; but we have not got them now.

Then in your Mass for the day you will find an Antiphon called the Offertory. Like the Introit and Gradual, about which we have already spoken, this was originally a whole psalm, but the Antiphon alone is now left.

THE reason for the whole psalm was the ancient custom of receiving at this point the offerings of the people. In those far-off days the faithful brought to the church offerings of what was needed, both for the service of the altar and for the support of the priest. While these were being received the choir sang a Psalm. In another place I have spoken of these offerings as an explanation of the large corporal which had to be used in those days to cover them.

From the offerings of the people the priest selected what was needed for the Consecration. The rest was used, some for the support of the priests, some for the poor, and some was given to those who were not receiving Holy Communion as "blessed bread."

We no longer make offerings of bread and wine, but it is at this part of the Mass that the collection is taken which is used to buy what is necessary for the church and for the priest. We should count it among our privileges to be allowed to give. Too often, alas! it is looked upon as an unpleasant duty, and sometimes, I think, people are inclined to forget that there is a Fifth Commandment of the Church which bids us contribute to the support of our pastors.

There are three principle parts of Holy Mass, and to miss one of them is to miss Mass. These are the Oblation, the Consecration, and the Priest's Communion.

The Oblation is the offering up to God by the priest of the bread and wine, which are to be changed into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. The prayers with which the priest accompanies this Oblation are very beautiful, if only you will try to understand them. They are found in the Ordinary of the Mass, to which you must turn back as soon as you have read the Offertory.

This is the Offertory for the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus: "I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart, and glorify Thy name forever, for Thou, O Lord, are sweet and plenteous in mercy to all that call on Thee. Alleluia."

What Do You Know About:

How to Make a Good Confession?

EVERY Catholic should be acquainted with the right way in which to confess his sins. But many, through lack of accurate knowledge, contract certain faults in receiving the Sacrament of Penance. It will be useful, therefore, to put before our readers the correct manner in which to approach this Sacrament.

This advice is especially opportune because the time to fulfil one's Easter Duty is at hand. This time, according to the common law of the Church, extends from Palm Sunday to the Sunday after Easter; but the bishops of the United States, in order to give all Catholics ample time to fulfil their Easter Duty, have, generally, received faculties from Rome to extend this period from the first Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday—that is, from March 5th to June 11th.

Penance is the Sacrament by which sins committed after Baptism are forgiven. This Sacrament was instituted by Christ when He gave His apostles, and through them His priests, the power of forgiving sins. His words of institution are:—"Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

—Jno. XX-23

To receive this Sacrament worthily certain things are necessary:—

FIRST. The penitent should quietly recollect himself in the church, thank God for having waited for him till that moment, and beg of Him to make known the number and gravity of his sins.

SECOND. He should then examine his conscience, i. e., make a diligent effort to discover the kinds of sin and the number of times he has committed each since his last good confession.

THIRD. The best help to examine his conscience is to carefully go over the table of sins printed in his prayer book.

FOURTH. His chief purpose should be to excite a sincere sorrow for having offended God.

FIFTH. This sorrow must come from the heart; he must be sorry for at least all the mortal sins he has committed; he must be sorry for them because they have been offensive to God, or, at least, because they have incurred the displeasure of God.

SIXTH. The Act of Contrition should be made before entering the confessional.

SEVENTH. Sorrow for sin implies the purpose not to sin again, which purpose must be

efficacious, i. e., it should make the penitent use the necessary means to avoid any person, place, or thing which has been the cause of sinning in the past. This Purpose of Amendment requires the making of restitution or reparation for any injury done to another's property or character.

EIGHTH. On entering the confessional the penitent should tell the priest how long it has been since his last good confession, and whether he said his penance and received Holy Communion.

NINTH. The penitent should tell his sins to the best of his knowledge in a spirit of humility and truthfulness.

TENTH. All doubts should be submitted to the confessor's judgment, and any circumstances changing the nature of the sin should be unhesitatingly confessed.

ELEVENTH. The penitent is bound to perform the penance imposed upon him; therefore, if the penitent doubts whether he is able to perform it, he should tell the confessor—who will give him a penance that he can perform.

TWELFTH. People should not be worrying about general confessions. Many Catholics become disturbed if, after having gone to confession, they find that they forgot to mention a certain sin. In such a case, all that is necessary is to mention the forgotten sin in the next confession. However, the case is very different where a person has been deliberately making bad confessions. If through squeamish fear or false shame a mortal sin has been deliberately held back, or some notable circumstance has not been revealed, the penitent must re-confess all the sins committed since the last worthy confession. The reason is that none of the sins which are told in a bad confession are forgiven.

* * * *

The Sacrament of Penance is one of the greatest gifts that Jesus Christ in His mercy has given us. The right use of this Sacrament recovers for us the friendship of God if we have lost it. The abuse of this Sacrament involves the commission of the great sin of sacrilege.

The chief means of inspiring sorrow in our hearts is the remembrance of Christ Crucified. When we recall that by our sins we outrage Christ Crucified, Who has loved us even unto dying for us, it will not be so difficult to hate our sins and resolve not to commit them again.

Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion



Patron of the Society

THE eminent example of St. Paul of the Cross admirably illustrates the holiness of the Church

in the eighteenth century. Among the people of that time, he was indeed distinguished as a fervent disciple and the zealous apostle of Christ Crucified. Since that day his fame has spread throughout the world, so that everywhere he is honored as the great saint of the Cross and Passion of Our Lord. It is natural therefore that the Archconfraternity should not only esteem him as the founder of the Passionist Order but should in a special manner venerate him as its own heavenly Founder and Patron.

St. Paul of the Cross as Patron of the Archconfraternity

of the Passon might well say to each member: "Be you an imitator of me, as I also am of Christ. With Christ I am nailed to the Cross." His whole

career was interwoven with the Sacred Passion of Our Lord. Having left such a shining example,

they will be worthy members of the society, who strive to follow in his footsteps.

THE familiar story of St. Paul of the Cross as a little child at his mother's knee, learning the lessons of the Crucifix, pictures for us the inspiration of his life. She taught him to remember the bruises, the wounds of Our Lord when he was suffering pain. She made him forget his own crying by thinking of the tears of Christ. She comforted him in sadness by telling him of the sorrows of Jesus Crucified.

These pious conversations with his mother made such a

deep impression on the boy that he actually sought sufferings to be like his Crucified Master. He would endure thirst or go hungry, or put something



ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS

THE † SIGN

into his food and drink to make them bitter or insipid. He would kneel upright in prayer a long time, though it caused him pain. He deprived himself of many things and deliberately denied his own desires. He acquired the practice of thinking constantly, of Our Lord's sufferings. The boy soon surpassed his saintly mother in this devotion to Christ Crucified; and the records of his life attest that his father had to restrain him in doing penances, lest he injure his health.

As a youth, he was accustomed to speak to his companions about the Cross and Passion of Christ. With his brother John, and another companion he often went to a little oratory near his native place, and there so many people assembled to listen to him describing the Passion that he had to divide the crowd requiring that the women and children come in the morning, and the men in the evening. He grasped every opportunity to persuade others to practice some act of piety in gratitude to Jesus Crucified.

WHEN he began to give missions and retreats, and held aloft his great large Crucifix, the people gathered around him and his companions, and many of them were converted from a life of sin to holiness and an ardent love of the Cross. With the blessing and assistance of Bishops and the Sovereign Pontiffs, he succeeded in establishing the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which continues his wonderful work in many parts of the world at the present day.

St. Paul of the Cross in truth was an apostle powerful in word and work, and won innumerable souls for Christ Crucified. God blessed his zeal, and surrounded him in his declining years with saintly men and with many rich favors of the Church.

Year after year, the Passion seemed to become more and more his only thought. He devoted much time to preaching missions and retreats and hearing confessions, besides building up and directing his Congregation of Religious, but it was all done to make known his Crucified God. He manifested his love for a crucified life especially in time of trial and disappointment, or when suffering from illness. Thus he passed eighty one years. His last act on earth was to kiss and embrace his Crucifix.

ST. PAUL of the Cross, by right therefore is honored as the patron of the Archconfraternity, because he spent his life in spreading devotion to the Passion by his words, by his example, and by means of his institute. As the purpose of the society is to promote a grateful remembrance of the sufferings of Our Lord, much may be learned from the example and labors of St. Paul of the Cross, and much may be gained through his powerful intercession.

As patron of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, St. Paul of the Cross will obtain many blessings for those members who earnestly strive to fill their hearts with devotion to Our Lord's Sufferings. He will be a model to the members in thinking frequently of the sorrows and sufferings of Christ. He will show them how to make of the sorrows of life so many offerings acceptable to their Divine Redeemer. He will prove himself a strong protector to the members in times of anxiety and discouragement. They may feel certain their heavenly patron will remember them day by day and assist them in all their undertakings.

HS St. Paul of the Cross was an unwearied "hunter of souls" for whom Christ suffered and died, the members of the society should follow his leadership and seek to persuade others to join the Archconfraternity and much more to pray fervently for the conversion of sinners. They cannot ascend the pulpit to preach Christ Crucified, as St. Paul did but they can offer their Masses, Holy Communions, Rosaries, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and Stations of the Cross, or other pious works for the success of the missions and retreats. They will walk in the footsteps of the patron of the Archconfraternity when they kneel before the Crucifix in fervent prayer, and especially when they speak of it to others. They will become more and more like St. Paul of the Cross by the efforts they make to promote devotion to the Sacred Passion.

A sure and excellent way to honor the patron of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, and to acquire his spirit, is to say some prayer to him every day and by receiving Holy Communion on his Feast Day, April 28th. The numerous miracles and countless divine favors obtained through his intercession show that he rewards those of the faithful who seek his aid. How much greater then will be the blessings he will obtain for his own children the members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion!

The Passionist Missionaries In Japan

Their Visit And Impressions

IT was the Vigil of the Epiphany when we awoke to find ourselves skirting the coast of Japan, and within a few miles of the great sea-port of Yokohama. The morning sun cast its golden rays on the long low cliffs, which for mile after mile, form a sort of natural protection to this great country. These cliffs for the most part, were very sombre to the naked eye: brown, dark red and grey, with a dash of blue-green foliage where the sun cast its slanting beams on the jagged peaks.

Quite naturally, the passengers were early on deck and alert for the first glimpse of Yokohama Bay. On an extremely clear day, we were told, an excellent view of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan may be had. But it was not our good fortune to enjoy this privilege.

There was plenty to attract our attention, in the fleet of small fishing boats, or sampans, which dotted the surface of the bay. Curious little boats they were: red in color, with small square sails of yellow, dancing up and down on the blue lawn of the harbor, their occupants busily engaged with their nets and lines.

Now and then the glasses revealed a small village hidden away in some protecting cove, or a trim lighthouse of spotless white, enhanced in its beauty by the silver flash of a multitude of flying fish who cavorted in the foreground. A little further on, we passed between two forts guarding the harbor entrance. Word was now passed along that cameras must be put away in order to avoid trouble with the authorities.

Soon the outlines of the city were

marked against the sky. Large flocks of gulls flew out to greet us, wheeling around and above the steamer, like those so familiar in New York and Boston harbor.

The "Wenatchee" ran her flags aloft, signalling for the port health physician to come aboard, and release us from quarantine. Power was stopped, and the ship floated along lazily. Shortly a small tug came along side and two dapper little Japs ran up the ladder. Efficiency was written on every line of their bronzed countenances. Deftly they called for the sailing list,

the Orient, not in picture or in print, but in actual fact. The dock was crowded with stevedores and rickshaw men, dressed in dark blue jackets, with Japanese symbols written on their backs; a sign of their business or of the concern which employed them. Here and there was a dash of color where a lady filtered in through the assembly. Here also, but few in number, were the Europeans and Americans, an almost startling contrast to the crowd around them.

Jinrickshaw is the proper name for the vehicle which simplifies the

transportation problem in the Land of the Rising Sun. For the uninitiated we shall explain. The rickshaw is a two wheeled carriage usually offering accommodations for one passenger. Into the shafts is harnessed, not a horse, but a little brown man, who patters over the streets of the city at a fast clip for a sufficient number of sen or yen, as the case may be.



THE "ARK" THAT CARRIED THE FIRST BAND OF PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES TO CHINA!

counted the passengers, inquired of the ship's surgeon for contagious disease, and quickly made their departure.

Passports were then visaed by the port authorities, and by that time the "Wenatchee" was made fast to the pier.

YOKOHAMA is the first stop in the Orient, and one of the leading ports of Japan. Its business was founded on foreign trade, and now handles the greater part of the exporting for the immense silk industry of the country.

Here we had our first glimpse of

us. With profuse gesture and a smattering of broken English they informed us that the fare was "one yen an hour," the price on boat days. With a whoop they ran for their carriages. Our guide could speak a little English, and did his best to point out the principal objects of interest. Through one narrow street after another we wended our way. The feeling was one of perfect safety, save when a Ford, of which there are some few in Japan, threatened to annihilate us. A short yo! every now and then was enough to make the average pedestrian step sharply aside.

A GROUP of chauffeurs approached

THE † SIGN

At times it was difficult to make our way because of the children who thronged the narrow thoroughfares playing games. The most popular game seemed to resemble ping-pong. With a small paddle they vigorously struck a small object covered with colored feathers, which twisted and squirmed through the air, and seemed loath to land in any definite spot. Simple as it was, it amused the little ones. What more could be expected? To see a larger girl darting about with her paddle, at the same time having a baby strapped to her back, was not uncommon. On turning a corner, we came upon two young men having a fling at the "national game." An American baseball and glove furnished the sport.

OUR guides next took us to the great temple Zotoku in. It is situated on one of the highest hills in the city. Alighting from our rickshaws at the base of the sacred mountain, we began the steep ascent. Landings have been erected along the way, and booths were doing a flourishing trade in holiday trinkets. On one of the landings was a large tablet constructed of slate, on which were written the names of the donors of the temple. A few steps further on was a memorial shaft surmounted by a large anchor, erected in memory of deceased Japanese sailors.

Finally, arrived at the summit we entered the pagan temple. Here we beheld the pagans at their devotions, paying homage to their false gods. Men and women would carefully remove their wooden sandals, kneel in adoration for a few moments. A low prostration would then be made, after which the devotee would give three short claps of the hand. This seemed to be the highest act of worship. The fact that tourists were looking on, did not disturb or annoy them. They were entirely indifferent to our presence.

"The idols of the gentiles are silver and gold: the work of the hands of men" Psalm 113. How pitiful to see this vast nation in the darkness of idolotry! blind to the light! ignorant of the doctrines of Christ Who alone can raise them

from the depths of pagan superstition! Sad to say, the Japanese do not as readily accept the truths of Christianity as do the Chinese. The total number of Catholic Christians in Japan is about 60,000. The people are extremely materialistic, a fact which makes the progress of Christianity doubly hard. This spirit has been intensified during the world war. Profiteering has become the common order of the day, whether one does business with the upper classes, or with the humble rickshaw man. With a prayer in our hearts to Mary the Mother of Christians we departed, hoping that the day might soon come, when the land will know the fulness of God's revelations, and the love of Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.

The weather here is bitterly cold. This is caused by the dampness, for the thermometer rarely falls below zero. The Russian refugees here in great numbers from Vladivostok, say they suffer more from the cold here, in Japan than they ever suffered in the frozen fastnesses of Siberia.

MY guide offered to take me to the Foreign settlement, so we went across the city to the Bluff where the Catholic Church is located.

Our route lay along the banks of a narrow canal crowded with boats. Boys on bicycles were hurrying to and fro, threading their way through the congested traffic. Street hawkers were busily trying to sell their goods. Tradesmen carrying their wares in two small buckets on the end of a pole walked slowly by. The hum of voices and the clap, clap of the wooden sandals made me realize that I was in a new world, or rather in an old one, where civilization had made but little progress.

On my way to the convent where I had been told there were English speaking Sisters, I passed the "Mission Catholique" with its beautiful church and gardens. Pressure of time prevented my calling there later as I intended. This mission is in charge of the Fathers of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris. It was to this community that

Theophane Venard, known as the "Modern Martyr" belonged.

After a little difficulty I found the Sisters' Convent, rang the bell which was answered by a dainty little Japanese girl. I finally made her understand that I wanted to see one of the Sisters, and I was ushered into an adjoining parlor. This reception room was very similar to those we meet with in America: a few religious pictures on the wall, a statue of a saint etc. A small brazier filled with charcoal furnished the heat.

The Assistant Superior entered now. Speaking perfect English, she explained that the Community was on retreat. She expressed her regret that this made it impossible for me to meet the Sisters. The evening conference was about to begin, and I felt sorry I could not accept the invitation to return on the morrow, as my time in the morning would be limited. The Convent and school is in charge of the Dames de St. Maur, and is made up of French, Irish and Japanese Sisters.

ST. JOSEPH'S College, conducted by the Brothers of Mary from Dayton Ohio, is on the next property. Everything was done by the good Brother Superior to make my short visit a pleasant one. Two young Brothers from the U. S. are numbered among the professors. One a native of Maryland, the other is from Ohio. Needless to say they were delighted to meet someone from their own country, and chatted merrily about affairs in "God's Own land."

These brothers have been conducting schools in Japan for nearly forty years, and are thoroughly conversant with the work. Schools in Tokyo, Osaka, Nagasaki are also under their supervision. St. Joseph's College in Yokohama is for foreign boys only. The others have a large enrollment of Japanese. About twenty Japanese Brothers are members of the Community.

It was a pleasure to extend the greetings of the Brothers of Mary in Pittsburgh to their brethren in Yokohama. The Brother Superior kindly made arrangements with the rickshaw man to bring me to the

THE † SIGN

College in the morning to say Mass.

True to his word, my man was awaiting me the next morning as I stepped off the boat. I was clad in my Passionist habit, the first, I believe, to wear the garb of St. Paul of the Cross on the soil of Japan.

It was the Feast of the Epiphany, the Apparition of the Star to the Gentiles, that saw the first Mass offered by a Passionist on the soil of Japan. There, in the modest chapel, close to the still more modest crib, the Precious Blood of the Adorable Lamb was raised to Heaven, supplicating the Eternal Father to have mercy on this people groping in the darkness of Pagan superstition.

"O God, who by the leading of a star didst on this day manifest Thine Only-begotten Son to the Gentiles; mercifully grant that we, who know thee now by faith, may be brought to the contemplation of Thy glorious majesty." Thus ran the beautiful words of the Mass. Yes, O Eternal Father, may the eyes of these, Thy children, be opened to the wonders of Thy love, revealed in the Passion and Death of Thy beloved Son.

"And opening their treasures they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh." O Sweetest Saviour, we the Sons of Thy Passion offer Thee not gold, but what is far more

pleasing to Thee: the sacrifice of our lives, for the redemption of these children, purchased by the

aply called the Morning Star of the Orient!



THE SUZUKI FAMILY ON THE "WENATCHEE"

shedding of Thy Most Precious Blood.

It was on Christmas Eve that we left America. How propitious

was a member of the delegation which greeted Cardinal O'Connell on his famous mission to the Orient some years ago. When this gentle-

man first took up his abode in Kobe some fifteen years ago, there were only about fifteen or twenty Catholics in the city. On Christmas, 1921, there were nearly 600.

Our host wished us to have a glimpse of Japanese life untainted by the modernism which exists in the cities along the seacoast. Accordingly we entrained for Kyoto, about sixty miles by rail from Kobe.

Kyoto, with its population of 600,000, is, we were told, one of the most interesting cities in Japan. It is the religious center of the Empire, having 878



IN JAPAN

that we should make our first stop in The Far East on the Vigil of the Epiphany, the Christmas of the Gentiles, and in that country so

THE † SIGN

Buddhist temples and 90 Shinto shrines within the city limits. For over a thousand years it was the capital of the country. Founded by the Emperor Kwammu in A. D. 794, it remained the capital, and the residence of the Emperors until 1869. The Imperial court was then removed to Tokyo.

A Japanese railroad, is like the people, rather diminutive. The European custom of having first, second and third class, is strictly observed. The engines are small, but make good time, and the coaches compare favorably with any in America.

At each station the crowd pushed and shoved in true American style. Quick-lunch entrance and exit. The quick-lunch and newspaper boys cried their wares. Across the aisle from us, a young Jap clad in native costume, dropped his sandals (wooden) on the floor, drew his legs under him, tailor fashion, opened his lunch, and began to wield his chopsticks energetically, to consume his rice. From the noise he emitted, it must have been very appetizing.

In all the country we traversed, there was hardly a square yard which was not cultivated. Rice fields, dotted the land like a checkerboard. Men and women worked vigorously at the crops which, in spite of the chilly weather, were green and flourishing. Villages of trim and tidy houses slipped by, with the sloping roof of the ever-present Buddhist temple dominating the town.

After lunch our host had us driven to some of the places of interest. In Kyoto are to be found the best specimens of Japanese art, for in spite of the removal of the capital to Tokyo, it still remains the center of art, religion, and literature.

The Emperors gardens were next seen. Formerly these could not be entered except by special permit from the Imperial household. Now, however, they are open to all. Nothing in America can surpass these grounds in beauty; and our only regret was that we had not the privilege of seeing them in the

summer time, when the two hundred acres are in blossom like a flower-bed in Fairyland.

KYOTO, as we mentioned, is the religious city of Japan. "Chion-in" temple, our next visit, is built on a charming eminence near Maruyama park. The bonzes have chosen well when they selected sites for their temples, the character

Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made for the following donations for the Passionist Missions in China:—

Anon. Dunkirk, N. Y...	\$5.00
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Requests have come for "Mite Boxes." These boxes are now ready for distribution, and will be sent on request to THE SIGN.

of the countryside lending itself beautifully to this type of building. The approach is always up a giant stairway of stone which cannot fail to impress, and give an air of importance to the temple itself. This particular shrine is the head temple of The Jodo sect of Buddhism, and was built by Honen-Shonen in the 12th century. Formerly the Lord Abbot of Chion-in held the office of Imperial Prince.

Our disappointment was keen when we found that we were just five minutes late to attend services. The temple closes promptly at four, as the old sandal-keeper informed us. At times hundreds of Bonzes take part in the imposing ceremon-

ies, dressed in gorgeous vestments, and intoning the service in a monotonous chant. Standing on an enormous dome on the hillside is the great bronze bell from which sounds the solemn warning that the time of prayer is come.

KIYOMIDZU Temple to which we next bent our stops is situated to the south on the same range of hills. Dedicated to Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, it is under the control of the Shingon sect. Here we had an opportunity to view the devotions of the people at close range. Men and women were praying, or doing what looked like praying. This consisted mainly in many bows, etc., but nobody seemed serious with the exception of one or two.

We were privileged to see a real Japanese funeral. Up the street came the procession, led by two men carrying what looked like Christmas trees, gaily decorated with tinsel and colored ribbon. Next came a rickshaw bearing what looked like the chief mourners: a mother and her child. Then appeared the casket carried on two poles, the end of each pole resting on the shoulder of four sturdy Japs. The rear of the procession was made up by a body of young men in uniform, most likely the school or organization to which the dead man belonged, as our host informed us.

We were soon on our way back to Kobe, satisfied that we had a glimpse, at least, of real Japanese life. And we could not help feeling the greatest respect and admiration for this Japanese gentleman who continues to lead such an ideal Catholic life amid these pagan surroundings.

The next morning which was Sunday, Mr. Suzuki called at the boat with his wife and family. He kindly consented to be snapped with the Fathers, and we felt justly proud to have our picture taken with these Japanese Catholics, who give such great hope for the future of the Catholic Church in Japan.

At last we are on our way to China!

FR. CELESTINE, C. P.

Index to Worthwhile Reading

The Home World. By Francis Doyle, S. J. New York; Benziger Brothers. Price, Cloth \$1.25. Paper 25 cents.

No subject can be of more vital interest than the home. It is the foundation on which is built alike, church and state, and neither can be indifferent to its influence. Consciously or not, every one is influenced by, and is influencing the home. A book setting forth in bold relief the ideal of the Christian Home is ever opportune: but in these days of light housekeeping—boarding—and hotel apartments, it is emphatically so, for unto the many, home as it once was, is fast becoming a mere memory.

Unfortunately the influence of those who no longer esteem the Old Fashioned Home, has extended to many who are possessed of the makings of a happy home, but do not seem to realize the extent in which it is a factor for happiness in life. In consequence recreation and pleasure are sought outside the hallowed walls of home, often at the frightful cost of faith and more frequently of innocence and virtue. The blame for this condition is many sided; some parents are to blame; some children are to blame, and at times both parents and children are to blame because of the conditions of modern social life. However it must not be forgotten that we may and at times must rise superior to conditions, when duty beckons us to follow in her path. This the Author of *Home World* clearly points out as possible, if the "Friendly Counsels of Home Keeping Hearts" are followed.

The book is interesting, we might almost say fascinating, and no book can claim a place on the living room table with better right, where all the members of the family might read with profit. Fr. Doyle has preserved for the present generation, the plans and specifications which our forefathers followed in building

those wonderful homes from which came forth both genius and sanctity. It was a happy thought to publish this *multum in parvo* in pamphlet form, to make wide distribution possible, as well as ready sales on Mission Stands and Parish Book Racks.

The Ascent to Calvary. By Pere Louis Perroy. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. New York. \$1.50.

The avowed mission of "THE SIGN", is to make Christ Crucified better known and greater loved.

With particular joy, therefore, it welcomes and introduces to its kind readers, a new and attractive work on the Sacred Passion—"The Ascent to Calvary," by Pere Louis Perroy.

In the pages of this book, the undying story of divine love and bitter suffering, is again retold, but with a beauty, freshness and vividness, that makes it a veritable gem, in the treasury of Passion Literature.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part is entitled, "The Instruments of Torture." Herein, the author depicts, in short, striking chapters, the pains and sufferings inflicted upon the Innocent Victim, by the cords and whips, the thorns and nails. Practical reflections close each chapter, and afford abundant food for personal thought and meditation.

"Tortures of the Heart" are revealed in the second part. "Outraged Dignity," "Imprisoned Tenderness," "Love Disdained" and "Jerusalem-Rejecting and Rejected"—such are a few of the torturers which the Heart of Love endures, and which are so admirably portrayed in these chapters. Only a devout lover of the Master, could penetrate so deeply and paint so touchingly the tortures of His Sacred Heart.

In the last part, the Divine Victim ascends Calvary and reaches "The Summit of Torture." Once again are heard the sweet words of mercy

and forgiveness; of tender solicitude and love; mingled with the derisive cries of hate and mockery. At length the "Summit of Torture" is reached in the utter desolation and the abandonment even by God Himself, of the dying Saviour. Thus, tortured in body, tortured in mind, and tortured in soul, the Man of Sorrows dies.

Both the devout and religious will find in these pages inspiration and the awakening of a greater love for Christ and Him Crucified.

The book is well typed, and makes Christ and Him Crucified.

Cobra Island. By Neil Boyton, S. J. New York. Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

There is no end of stories, but gripping stories for the young cannot be too many, so a welcome is in store for COBRA ISLAND, not only from the young, but from every wonders how the author has found of the book, chosen at random. The action is rapid and one thrill succeeds another without interruption from start to finish. One often wonders how the author has found it possible to conjure so many hair-breadth escapes, with pirates, sea monsters, alien enemies, carefully concealed death traps, etc, within the compass of one small 12mo. volume. However it can be safely said, that everything the reader has learned from dry-as-dust text books, about long sea voyages, sea fights, ship wrecks, and thrilling adventures he will find clothed in living form in COBRA ISLAND. It is such a story, that will make any juvenile reader forget the more serious things of life, and neglect study, and even forget food and rest, till the book is finished.

Possibly COBRA ISLAND is too highly spiced for the ravenous appetite of the young, hungry for the marvellous and extravagant.

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